

Act 1

DON SEBASTIAN.

Scene 6



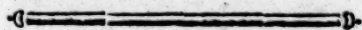
J. Roberts del.

Published for Bells British Theatre June 1. 1777.

A. Reading sculp.

MR. HARTLEY in the Character of ALMEYDA
Now if thou dar'st behold Almeydas face

BELL'S EDITION.



DON SEBASTIAN,

KING OF PORTUGAL.

A TRAGEDY,

As written by DRYDEN:

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book.

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS.

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

— *Nec tarda senectus
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem.*

VIRG.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

—
MDCCLXXVIII.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

P H I L I P,

Earl of *Leicester*, &c.

FAR be it from me (my most noble Lord) to think, that any thing which my meanness can produce, should be worthy to be offered to your patronage; or that ought which I can say of you should recommend you farther, to the esteem of good men in this present age, or to the veneration which will certainly be paid you by posterity. On the other side, I must acknowledge it a great presumption in me, to make you this address; and so much the greater, because by the common suffrage even of contrary parties, you have been always regarded as one of the first persons of the age, and yet no one writer has dared to tell you so: whether we have been all conscious to ourselves that it was a needless labour to give this notice to mankind, as all men are ashamed to tell stale news; or that we were justly diffident of our own performances, as even Cicero is observed to be in awe when he writes to Atticus; where knowing himself overmatched in good sense, and truth of knowledge, he drops the gaudy train of words, and is no longer the vain-glorious orator. From whatever reason it may be, I am the first bold offender of this kind: I have broken down the fence, and ventured into the holy grove: how I may be punished for my profane attempt, I know not; but I wish it may not be of ill omen to your Lordship; and that a croud of bad writers do not rush into the quiet of your recesses after me. Every man in all changes of government, which have been, or may possibly arrive, will agree, that I could not have offered my incense, where it could be so well deserved. For you, my Lord, are secure in your own merit; and all parties, as they rise uppermost, are sure to court you in their turns; 'tis a tribute which has ever been paid your virtue: the leading men still bring their bullion to your mint, to receive the stamp of their intrinsic value, that they may afterwards hope to pass with human kind. They rise and fall in the variety of revolutions; and are sometimes great, and therefore wise in men's opinions, who must court them for their interest: but the reputation of their parts most commonly follows their success; few of them are wise, but as they are in power: because indeed, they have no sphere of their own, but like the moon in the Copernican system of the world, are whirled about by the motion of a greater planet. This it is to be ever busy; neither to give rest to their fellow-creatures, nor, which is more wretchedly ridiculous, to themselves: tho' truly, the latter is a kind of justice, and giving mankind a due revenge, that they will

not permit their own hearts to be at quiet, who disturb the repose of all beside them. Ambitious meteors ! how willing they are to set themselves upon the wing ; taking every occasion of drawing upward to the sun : not considering that they have no more time allowed them for their mounting, than the short revolution of a day ; and that when the light goes from them, they are of necessity to fall. How much happier is he (and who he is I need not say, for there is but one phoenix in an age) who centering on himself, remains immoveable, and smiles at the madness of the dance about him ? He possesses the midst, which is the portion of safety and content : he will not be higher, because he needs it not ; but by the prudence of that choice, he puts it out of Fortune's power to throw him down. 'Tis confessed, that if he had not so been born, he might have been too high for happiness ; but not endeavouring to ascend, he secures the native height of his station from envy ; and cannot descend from what he is, because he depends not on another. What a glorious character was this once in Rome ! I should say in Athens, when in the disturbances of a state as mad as ours, the wise Pomponius transported all the remaining wisdom and virtue of his country, into the sanctuary of peace and learning. But I would ask the world (for you, my Lord, are too nearly concerned to judge this cause) whether there may not yet be found a character of a noble Englishman equally shining with that illustrious Roman ? Whether I need to name a second Atticus ; or whether the world has not already prevented me, and fixed it there without my naming ? Not a second with a *longo sed proximus intervallo*, not a young Marcellus, flattered by a poet into the resemblance of the first, with a *frons læta parum, & dejecto lumina vultu*, and the rest that follows, *si qua fata aspera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris* : but a person of the same stamp and magnitude ; who owes nothing to the former, besides the word Roman, and the superstition of reverence, devolving on him by the precedency of eighteen hundred years : one who walks by him with equal paces, and shares the eyes of beholders with him : one who had been first, had he first lived ; and in spite of doating veneration is still his equal. Both of them born of noble families, in unhappy ages of change and tumult : both of them retiring from affairs of state ; yet not leaving the commonwealth, till it had left itself : but never returning to public business when they had once quitted it, tho' courted by the heads of either party. But who would trust the quiet of their lives with the extravagancies of their countrymen, when they were just in the giddiness of their turning ; when the ground was tottering under them at every moment ; and none could guess whether the next heave of the earthquake would settle them on the first foundation, or swallow it ? Both of them knew mankind exactly well ; for both of them began that study in themselves ; and there they found the best part of human composition, the worst they learned by long experience of the folly, ignorance, and immorality of most beside them ; their philosophy on both sides, was not wholly speculative, for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain ideas of things which cannot possibly be known, or if they could, yet would only terminate in the

understanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical philosophy, which exerted itself in all the offices of pity, to those who were unfortunate, and deserved not so to be. The friend was always more considered by them than the cause: and an Octavius, or an Antony in distress, were relieved by them, as well as a Brutus or a Cassius. For the lowermost party, to a noble mind, is ever the fittest object of good-will. The eldest of them, I will suppose for his honour, to have been of the academic sect, neither dogmatist nor stoic; if he were not, I am sure he ought in common justice, to yield the precedency to his younger brother. For stiffness of opinion is the effect of pride, and not of philosophy: 'tis a miserable presumption of that knowledge which human nature is too narrow to contain. And the ruggedness of a stoic is only a silly affectation of being a god: to wind himself up by pulleys to an insensibility of suffering; and at the same time to give the lie to his own experience, by saying he suffers not, what he knows he feels. True philosophy is certainly of a more pliant nature, and more accommodated to human use: *Homo sum, humani a me nihil alienum puto*. A wise man will never attempt an impossibility; and such it is to strain himself beyond the nature of his being: either to become a deity, by being above suffering, or to debase himself into a stock or stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in ourselves the weaknesses and imperfections of our wretched kind, is surely the most reasonable step we can make towards the compassion of our fellow-creatures. I could give examples of this kind in the second Atticus. In every turn of state, without meddling on either side, he has always been favourable and assisting to oppressed merit. The praises which were given by a great poet to the late Queen mother on her rebuilding Somerset palace, one part of which was fronting to the mean houses on the other side of the water, are as justly his:

*For, the distress'd, and the afflicted lie
Most in his thoughts, and always in his eye.*

Neither has he so far forgot a poor inhabitant of his suburbs, whose best prospect is on the garden of Leicester House; but that more than once he has been offering him his patronage, to reconcile him to a world, of which his misfortunes have made him weary. There is another Sidney still remaining, though there can never be another Spenser to deserve the favour. But one Sidney gave his patronage to the applications of a poet; the other offered it unasked. Thus, whether as a second Atticus, or a second Sir Philip Sidney, the latter in all respects will not have the worse of the comparison; and if he will take up with the second place, the world will not so far flatter his modesty, as to seat him there, unless it be out of a deference of manners, that he may place himself where he pleases at his own table.

I may therefore safely conclude, that he, who by the consent of all men, bears so eminent a character, will out of his inborn nobleness forgive the presumption of this address. 'Tis an unfinished picture, I confess, but the lines and features are so like, that it cannot be mistaken for any other; and without writing any name under it, every beholder must cry out, at the first sight, This was designed for

Atticus ; but the bad artist has cast too much of him into shades. But I have this excuse, that even the greatest masters commonly fall short of the best faces. They may flatter an indifferent beauty ; but the excellencies of nature can have no right done to them : For there both the pencil and the pen are overcome by the dignity of the subject ; as our admirable Waller has expressed it,

The hero's race transcends the poet's thought.

There are few in any age who can bear the load of a dedication ; for where praise is undeserved, it is satire : though satire on folly is now no longer a scandal to any one person, where a whole age is dipt together ; yet I had rather undertake a multitude one way, than a single Atticus the other ; for 'tis easier to descend than 'tis to climb. I should have gone ashamed out of the world, if I had not at least attempted this address, which I have long thought owing : and if I had never attempted, I might have been vain enough to think I might have succeeded in it. Now I have made the experiment, and have failed, through my unworthiness, I may rest satisfied, that either the adventure is not to be atchieved, or that it is reserved for some other hand.

Be pleased, therefore, since the family of Attici is and ought to be above the common forms of concluding letters, that I may take my leave in the words of Cicero to the first of them : *Me, O Pomponi, valdè pœnitet vivere : tantum te oro, ut quoniam me ipse semper amâsti, ut eodem amore sis ; ego nimirum idem sum. Inimici mei mea mihi, non me ipsum ademerunt. Cura, Attice, ut valeas.*

Dabam Cal.
Jan. 1690.

P R E F A C E.

WHETHER it happened thro' a long difuse of writing, that I forgot the ufual compafs of a play; or that by crouding it with characters and incidents, I put a neceffity upon myfelf of lengthening the main action, I know not: but the firft day's audience fufficiently convinced me of my error; and that the poem was infupportably too long. 'Tis an ill ambition of poets, to please an audience with more than they can bear: and, fupposing that we wrote as well as vainly we imagine ourfelves to write, yet we ought to confider, that no man can bear to be long tickled. There is a naufeousnefs in a city-feaft, when we are to fit four hours after we are cloyed. I am therefore in the firft place to acknowledge, with all manner of gratitude, their civility, who were pleafed to endure it with fo much patience, to be weary with fo much good-nature and f Silence, and not to explode an entertainment, which was defigned to please them; or difcourage an author, whose misfortunes have once more brought him, againft his will, upon the ftage. While I continue in thefe bad circumftances (and truly I fee very little probability of coming out) I muft be obliged to write; and if I may ftill hope for the fame kind uſage, I ſhall the lefs repent of that hard neceffity. I write not this out of any expectation to be pitied; for I have enemies enough to wiſh me yet in a worſe condition: but give me leave to ſay, that if I can pleaſe by writing, as I ſhall endeavour it, the town may be ſomewhat obliged to my miſfortunes, for a part of their diverſion. Having been longer acquainted with the ſtage, than any poet now living, and having obſerved how difficult it was to pleaſe; that the humours of comedy were almoſt ſpent, that love and honour (the miſtaken topicks of tragedy) were quite worn out, that the theatres could not ſupport their charges, that the audience forſook them, that young men without learning ſet up for judges, and that they talked loudeſt who underſtood the leaſt: all theſe diſcouragements had not only weaned me from the ſtage, but had alſo given me a loathing of it. But enough of this: the difficulties continue; they increaſe, and I am ſtill condemned to dig in thoſe exhausted mines. Whatever fault I next commit, reſt aſſured it ſhall not be that of too much length. Above twelve hundred lines have been cut off from this tragedy ſince it was firſt delivered to the actors. They were indeed ſo judiciously lopped by Mr. Betterton, to whoſe care and excellent action I am equally obliged, that the connexion of the ſtory was not loſt; but on the other ſide, it was impoſſible to prevent ſome part of the action from being precipitated and coming on without that due preparation, which is required to all great events; as in particular, that of raiſing the mobile in the beginning of the fourth act; which a man of Benducar's cool character, could not naturally attempt, without taking all thoſe precautions, which he foreſaw would

would be necessary to render his design successful. On this consideration I have replaced those lines through the whole poem ; and thereby restored it to that clearness of conception, and (if I may dare to say) that lustre and masculine vigour in which it was first written. 'Tis obvious to every understanding reader, that the most poetical parts, which are description, images, similitudes, and moral sentences, are those which of necessity were to be pared away, when the body was swollen into too large a bulk for the representation of the stage. But there is a vast difference betwixt a public entertainment on the theatre, and a private reading in the closet : in the first we are confined to time, and though we talk not by the hour-glass, yet the watch often drawn out of the pocket warns the actors that their audience is weary : in the last every reader is judge of his own convenience ; he can take up the book and lay it down at his pleasure ; and find out those beauties of propriety in thought and writing, which escaped him in the tumult and hurry of representing. And I dare boldly promise for this play, that in the roughness of the numbers and cadences (which I assure was not casual, but so designed) you will see somewhat more masterly arising to your view, than in most, if not any of my former tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the figures, and more suitable to the loftiness of the subject ; and besides this, some newnesses of English, translated from the beauties of modern tongues, as well as from the elegancies of the Latin ; and here and there some old words are sprinkled, which for their significance and sound deserved not to be antiquated, such as we often find in Sallust amongst the Roman authors, and in Milton's Paradise amongst ours ; tho' perhaps the latter, instead of sprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even sometimes to the obscuring of his sense.

As for the story or plot of the tragedy, 'tis purely fiction ; for I take it up where the history has laid it down. We are assured by all writers of those times, that Sebastian, a young prince of great courage and expectation, undertook that war partly upon a religious account, partly at the solicitation of Muley-Mahomet, who had been driven out of his dominions by Abdelmelech, or as others call him, Muley-Moluch, his nigh kinsman, who descended from the same family of the Xeriffs, whose fathers, Hamet and Mahomet had conquered that empire with joint forces, and shared it betwixt them after their victory : that the body of Don Sebastian was never found in the field of battle ; which gave occasion for many to believe, that he was not slain : that some years after, when the Spaniards, with a pretended title, by force of arms, had usurped the crown of Portugal from the house of Braganza, a certain person, who called himself Don Sebastian, and had all the marks of his body and features of his face, appeared at Venice, where he was owned by some of his countrymen ; but being seized by the Spaniards, was first imprisoned, then sent to the galleys, and at last put to death in private. 'Tis most certain, that the Portuguese expected his return for almost an age together after that battle ; which is at least a proof of their extream love to his memory : and the usage which they had from their new conquerors, might possibly
make

make them so extravagant in their hopes and wishes for their old master.

This ground-work the history afforded me, and I desire no better to build a play upon it; for where the event of a great action is left doubtful, there the poet is left master: he may raise what he pleases on that foundation, provided he makes it of a piece, and according to the rule of probability. From hence I was only obliged that Sebastian should return to Portugal no more; but at the same time I had him at my own disposal, whether to bestow him in Africk, or in any other corner of the world, or to have closed the tragedy with his death; and the last of these was certainly the most easy, but for the same reason, the least artful; because, as I have somewhere said, the poison and the dagger are still at hand to butcher a hero, when a poet wants the brains to save him. It being therefore only necessary, according to the laws of the *Drama*, that Sebastian should no more be seen upon the throne, I leave it for the world to judge, whether or no I have disposed of him according to art, or have bungled up the conclusion of his adventure. In the drawing of his character I forgot not piety, which any one may observe to be one principal ingredient of it; even so far as to be a habit in him; though I shew him once to be transported from it by the violence of a sudden passion, to endeavour a self-murder. This being pre-supposed, that he was religious, the horror of his incest, though innocently committed, was the best reason which the stage could give for hindering his return. 'Tis true, I have no right to blast his memory with such a crime: but declaring it to be fiction, I desire my audience to think it no longer true, than while they are seeing it represented: for that once ended, he may be a saint for ought I know; and we have reason to presume he is. On this supposition, it was unreasonable to have killed him: for the learned Mr. Rymer has well observed, that in all punishments we are to regulate ourselves by poetical justice; and according to those measures an involuntary sin deserves not death: from whence it follows, that to divorce himself from the beloved object, to retire into a desert, and deprive himself of a throne, was the utmost punishment which a poet could inflict, as it was also the utmost reparation which Sebastian could make. For what relates to Almeida, her part is wholly fictitious: I know it is the surname of a noble family in Portugal, which was very instrumental in the restoration of Don John de Braganza, father to the most illustrious and most pious princess our Queen Dowager. The French author of a novel called Don Sebastian, has given that name to an African lady of his own invention, and makes her sister to Muley-Mahomet. But I have wholly changed the accidents, and borrowed nothing but the supposition, that she was beloved by the King of Portugal. Though if I had taken the whole story, and wrought it up into a play, I might have done it exactly according to the practice of almost all the ancients; who were never accused of being plagiarists, for building their tragedies on known fables. Thus Augustus Cæsar wrote an *Ajax*, which was not the less his own, because Euripides had written a play before him on that subject. Thus of late years Corneille writ an *Oedipus* after Sophocles; and I have designed one after him, which I wrote with Mr. Lee: yet neither the French poet stole from the
Greek,

Greek, nor we from the Frenchman. 'Tis the contrivance, the new turn, and new characters, which alter the property, and make it ours. The *Materia Poetica* is as common to all writers, as the *Materia Medica* to all physicians. Thus in our Chronicles, Daniel's history is still his own, though Matthew Paris, Stow, and Hollingshed writ before him; otherwise we must have been content with their dull relations, if a better pen had not been allowed to come after them, and writ his own account after a new and better manner.

I must further declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three mechanic rules of unity: I knew them, and had them in my eye, but followed them only at a distance: for the genius of the English cannot bear too regular a play, we are given to variety, even to a debauchery of pleasure. My scenes are therefore sometimes broken, because my under-plot required them so to be: though the general scene remains of the same castle; and I have taken the time of two days, because the variety of accidents, which are here represented, could not naturally be supposed to arrive in one: But to gain a greater beauty, 'tis lawful for a poet to supersede a less.

I must likewise own, that I have somewhat deviated from the known history, in the death of Muley-Moluch, who, by all relations, died of a fever in the battle, before his army had wholly won the field: but if I have allowed him another day of life, it was because I stood in need of so shining a character of brutality, as I have given him; which is indeed the same with that of the present emperor Muley-Ishmael, as some of our English officers, who have been in his court, have credibly informed me.

I have been listening what objections had been made against the conduct of the play, but found them all so trivial, that if I should name them, a true critic would imagine that I played booty, and only raised up phantoms for myself to conquer. Some are pleased to say the writing is dull: but *ætatem habet, de se loquatur*. Others, that the double poison is unnatural; let the common received opinion, and Ausonius's famous epigram answer that. Lastly, a more ignorant sort of creatures than either of the former, maintain that the character of Dorax is not only unnatural, but inconsistent with itself; let them read the play and think again; and if yet they are not satisfied, cast their eyes on that chapter of the wise Montaigne, which is intitled, *de l'Inconstance des Actions humaines*. A longer reply is what those cavillers deserve not; but I will give them and their fellows to understand, that the earl of Dorset was pleased to read the tragedy twice over before it was acted; and did me the favour to send me word, that I had written beyond any of my former plays; and that he was displeased any thing should be cut away. If I have not reason to prefer his single judgment to a whole faction, let the world be judge; for the opposition is the same with that of Lucan's hero against an army; *concurrere bellum, atque virum*. I think I may modestly conclude, that whatever errors there may be, either in the design, or writing of this play, they are not those which have been objected to it. I think also, that I am not yet arrived to the age of dotage; and that I have given so much application to this poem, that I could not probably let it run into many gross absurdities, which may caution my enemies from too rash a censure; and may

may also encourage my friends, who are many more than I could reasonably have expected, to believe their kindness has not been very undeservedly bestowed on me. This is not a play that was huddled up in haste: and to shew it was not, I will own, that besides the general moral of it, which is given in the four last lines, there is also another moral, couched under under every one of the principal parts and characters; which a judicious critic will observe, though I point not to in this preface. And there may be also some secret beauties in the decorum of parts, and uniformity of design, which my puny judges will not easily find out: let them consider in the last scene of the fourth act, whether I have not preserved the rule of decency, in giving all the advantage to the royal character, and in making Dorax first submit: perhaps too they may have thought, that it was thro' indigence of characters, I have given the same to Sebastian and Almeyda; and consequently made them alike in all things but their sex. But let them look a little deeper into the matter, and they will find that this identity of character in the greatness of their souls, was intended for a preparation of the final discovery, and that the likeness of their nature, was a fair hint to the proximity of their blood.

To avoid the imputation of too much vanity (for all writers, and especially poets, will have some) I will give but one other instance, in relation to the uniformity of the design. I have observed, that the English will not bear a thorough tragedy; but are pleased, that it should be lightened with under-parts of mirth. It had been easy for me to have given my audience a better course of comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of Antonio and Morayma. But I dare appeal even to my enemies, if I, or any man, could have invented one which had been more of a piece, and more depending on the serious part of the design. For what could be more uniform, than to draw from out of the members of a captive court, the subject of a comical entertainment? To prepare this episode, you see Dorax giving the character of Antonio, in the beginning of the play, upon his first sight of him at the lottery; and to make the dependance, Antonio is engaged in the fourth act for the deliverance of Almeyda; which is also prepared by his being first made a slave to the captain of the rabble.

I should beg pardon for these instances; but perhaps they may be of use to future poets, in the conduct of their plays: At least if I appear too positive, I am growing old, and thereby in possession of some experience, which men in years will always assume for a right of talking. Certainly if a man can ever have reason to set a value on himself, 'tis when his ungenerous enemies are taking the advantage of the times upon him, to ruin him in his reputation. And therefore for once, I will make bold to take the counsel of my old master, Virgil.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

P R O L O G U E.

Sent to the Author by an unknown Hand, and proposed to be
Spoken by Mrs. Mountford, dressed like an Officer.

BRIGHT beauties who in awful circle sit,
And you grave synod of the dreadful pit,
And you the upper-tire of popgun wit,

Pray ease me of my wonder, if you may:
Is all this croud barely to see the play,
Or is't the poet's execution-day?

His breath is in your hands I will presume,
But I advise you to defer his doom,
Till you have got a better in his room;

And don't maliciously combine together,
As if in spite and spleen you were come hither;
For he has kept the pen, tho' lost the feather.

And on my honour, ladies, I avow,
This play was writ in charity to you:
For such a dearth of wit who ever knew?

Sure 'tis a judgment on this sinful nation,
For the abuse of so great dispensation:
And therefore I resolve to change vocation.

For want of petty-coat I've put on buff,
To try what may be got by lying rough:
How think you, Sirs, is it not well enough?

Of bully-critics I a troop would lead;
But one reply'd, Thank you, there's no such need,
I at Groom-Porter's, Sir, can safer bleed.

Another, who the name of danger loaths,
Vow'd he wou'd go, and swore me forty oaths,
But that his horses were in body-clothes.

A third cry'd, Damn my blood, I'd be content
To push my fortune, if the parliament
Wou'd but recall Claret from banishment.

A fourth (and I have done) made this excuse,
I'd draw my sword in Ireland, Sir, to chuse;
Had not their women gouty legs and wore no shoes.

Well, I may march, thought I, and fight, and trudge,
But of these blades the devil a man will budge;
They there would fight, e'en just as here they judge.

Here they will pay for leave to find a fault,
But when their honour calls, they can't be bought;
Honour in danger, blood and wounds is sought.

*Lost Virtue, whether fled, or where's thy dwelling
Who can reveal? at least 'tis past my telling,
Unless thou art embark'd for Iniskilling.*

*On carrion-tits those sparks denounce their rage,
In boot of wisp and Leinster frise engage :
What would you do in such an equipage ?*

*The siege of Derry does you gallants threaten :
Not out of errant shame of being beaten,
As fear of wanting meat, or being eaten.*

*Were wit like honour to be won by fighting,
How few just judges would there be of writing.
Then you would leave this villainous back-biting.*

*Your talents lie how to express your spight,
But where is he knows how to praise aright ?
You praise like cowards, but like critics fight.*

*Ladies, be wise, and wean these yearling calves,
Who in your service too are mere faux-braves,
They judge and write, and fight, and——love by halves.*

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by a WOMAN.

THE judge remov'd, tho' he's no more my Lord,
May plead at bar, or at the council-board :
So may cast poets write ; there's no pretension
To argue loss of wit, from loss of pension.
Your looks are chearful ; and in all this place
I see not one, that wears a damning face.
The British nation is too brave, to shew
Ignoble vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.
At least be civil to the wretch imploring ;
And lay your paws upon him, without roaring :
Suppose our poet was your foe before ;
Yet now, the bus'ness of the field is o'er ;
'Tis time to let your civil-wars alone,
When troops are into winter-quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Lotian and to Phrygian ;
And you well know, a play's of no religion.
Take good advice and please yourselves this day ;
No matter from what hands you have the play.
Among good fellows every health will pass,
That serves to carry round another glass :
When with full bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Tho' at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him still most Christian in his wine.
Thus far the poet : but his brains grow addle,
And all the rest is purely from my noddle ;

B

You've

You've seen young ladies at the senate-door,
 Prefer petitions, and your grace implore :
 However grave the legislators were,
 Their cause went ne'er the worse for being fair.
 Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps, I bring ;
 But I could bribe you with as good a thing.
 I heard him make advances of good nature ;
 That he, for once, wou'd sheath his cutting satire :
 Sign but his peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
 The sacred names of fops, and beaux profane,
 Strike up the bargain quickly ; for I swear,
 As times go now, he offers very fair.
 Be not too hard on him with statutes neither,
 Be kind ; and do not set your teeth together,
 To stretch the laws, as cobblers do their leather.
 Horses by papists are not to be ridden ;
 But sure the Muse's horse was ne'er forbidden.
 For in no rate-book it was ever found
 That Pegasus was valued at five pound :
 Fine him to daily drudging and inditing :
 And let him pay his taxes out in writing.

 D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ .

M E N.

Don Sebastian, king of Portugal,	—	Covent-Garden.
Muley Moluch, emperor of Barbary,	—	Mr. Smith.
Dorax, a noble Portuguese, now a renegade, formerly Don Alonzo de Sylvera, Alcade, or Governor of Alcazar,	—	Mr. Gardner.
Benducar, chief minister and favourite of the Emperor,	—	Mr. Bentley.
The Mufti Abdallah,	—	Mr. Thompson.
Muley Zeydan, brother to the Emperor,	—	Mr. Quick.
Don Antonio, a young, noble, amorous, Portuguese, now a slave,	—	Mr. Owenfon.
Don Alvarez, an old counsellor to Don Sebastian, now a slave also,	—	Mr. Lewis.
Mustapha, captain of the rabble,	—	Mr. Hull.
Orchan,	—	Mr. Dunstall.
		Mr. Bates.

W O M E N.

Almeyda, a captive Queen of Barbary,	—	Mrs. Hartley.
Morayma, daughter to the Mufti,	—	Mrs. Mattocks.
Jebayma, chief wife to the Mufti,	—	Mrs. Green.
Two Merchants.		
Rabble.		
A Servant to Benducar.		
A Servant to the Mufti.		

SCENE in the castle of Alcazar.

DON SEBASTIAN.

* * The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

ACT I.

The SCENE at Alcazar, representing a Market-place under the Castle.

Enter Muley-Zeydan, and Benducar.

MULEY-ZEYDAN.

NOW Africa's long wars are at an end,
And our parch'd earth is drench'd in Christian
My conquering brother will have slaves enow [blood ;
To pay his cruel vows for victory.

What hear you of Sebastian, king of Portugal ?

Ben. He fell among a heap of slaughter'd Moors ;
Tho' yet his mangled carcase is not found.

The rival of our threaten'd empire, Mahomet,
Was hot pursu'd ; and in the general rout,
Mistook a swelling current for a ford,

' And in Mucazar's flood was seen to rise :'
Thrice was he seen ; at length, his courser plung'd,
And threw him off ; the waves whelm'd over him,
And, helpless in his heavy arms, he drown'd.

M. Zeyd. Thus then, a doubtful title is extinguish'd ;
Thus Moluch, still the favourite of fate,
Swims in a sanguine torrent to the throne ;
As if our prophet only work'd for him,
The heavens and all the stars his hired servants,
As Muley-Zeydan were not worth their care,
And younger brothers but the draff of nature.

Ben. Be still, and learn the soothing arts of courts ;
Adore his fortune, mix with flattering crowds,
And when they praise him most, be you the loudest :

Your brother is luxurious, close, and cruel,
 Generous by fits, but permanent in mischief.
 The shadow of a discontent would ruin us ;
 We must be safe before we can be great :
 These things observ'd, leave me to shape the rest.

‘ *M. Zeyd.* You have the key ; he opens inward to you.

‘ *Ben.* So often try’d, and ever found so true,
 ‘ Has given me trust, and trust has given me means
 ‘ Once to be false for all. I trust not him ;
 ‘ For now his ends are serv’d, and he grown absolute,
 ‘ How am I sure to stand, who serv’d those ends ?
 ‘ I know your nature open, mild and grateful ;
 ‘ In such a prince the people may be blest’d,
 ‘ And I be safe.

‘ *M. Zeyd.* My father ! [*Embracing him.*]

‘ *Ben.* My future king, auspicious Muley-Zeydan,
 ‘ Shall I adore you ? No, the place is public ;
 ‘ I worship you within, the outward act
 ‘ Shall be reserv’d till nations follow me,
 ‘ And Heav’n shall envy you the kneeling world.’
 You know th’ alcade of Alcazar, Dorax ?

M. Zeyd. The gallant renegade you mean ?

Ben. The same :

‘ That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,
 ‘ Contains the shining treasure of a soul
 ‘ Resolv’d and brave : he has the soldiers’ hearts,
 ‘ And time shall make him ours.’

M. Zeyd. He’s just upon us.

Ben. I know him ‘ from afar,’

By the long stride, and by the sudden port.
 Retire, my Lord :

Wait on your brother’s triumph, yours is next ;
 His growth is but a wild and fruitless plant ;
 I’ll cut his barren branches to the stock,
 And graft you on to bear.

M. Zeyd. My oracle ! [*Exit M. Zeyd.*]

Ben. Yes, to delude your hopes, poor credulous fool,
 To think that I would give away the fruit
 Of so much toil, such guilt, and such perdition :
 ‘ If I am damn’d, it shall be for myself :
 ‘ This easy fool must be my stale, set up
 ‘ To catch the people’s eyes : he’s tame and merciful ;
‘ Him

' Him I can manage, till I make him odious
' By some unpopular act, and then dethrone him.'

Enter Dorax.

Now, Dorax——

Dor. Well, Benducar!

Ben. Bare Benducar!

Dor. Thou wouldst have titles; take them then, chief
First hangman of the state. [minister,

Ben. Some call me favourite.

Dor. ' What's that, his favourite ?

' Thou art too old to be a catamite.'

Now, pr'ythee, tell me, and abate thy pride,
Is not Benducar, bare, a better name
In a friend's mouth, than all those gaudy titles,
Which I disdain to give the man I love.

Ben. But always out of humour——

Dor. I have cause;

Though all mankind is cause enough for satire.

Ben. Why then thou hast reveng'd thee on mankind;
They say, in fight thou hadst a thirsty sword,
And well 'twas glutted there.

Dor. I spitted frogs, I crush'd a heap of emmets,
A hundred of them to a single soul,
And that but scanty weight too. The great devil
Scarce thank'd me for my pains; ' he swallows vulgar
' Like whipp'd cream, feels them not in going down.'

Ben. Brave renegade! couldst thou not meet Sebastian?
Thy master had been worthy of thy sword.

Dor. My master! By what title?

Because I happen'd to be born where he
Happen'd to be king? And yet I serv'd him;
Nay, I was fool enough to love him too.
You know my story, how I was rewarded
For fifteen hard campaigns, still hoop'd in iron,
And why I turn'd Mahometan. I'm grateful;
But whosoever dares to injure me,
Let that man know, I dare to be reveng'd.

Ben. Still you run off from bias; say, what moves
Your present spleen?

Dor. You mark'd not what I told you;
I kill'd not one that was his Maker's image;
I met with none but vulgar two-legg'd brutes;

Sebastian was my aim ; he was a man :
 Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,
 Yet I must do him right ; ' he was a man,'
 Above man's height, ev'n tow'ring to divinity ;
 Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal ;
 Just, as the scales of heaven that weigh the seasons.
 He lov'd his people ; him they idoliz'd ;
 And thence proceeds my mortal hatred to him,
 That thus unblameable to all besides,
 He err'd to me alone.
 His goodness was diffus'd to human kind,
 And all his cruelty confin'd to me.

Ben. You could not meet him then ?

Dor. No, though I fought
 Where ranks fell thickest ; 'twas, indeed, the place
 To seek Sebastian. Through a track of death
 I follow'd him, by groans of dying foes ;
 But still I came too late ; for he was flown,
 Like lightning, swift before me to new slaughters.
 I mow'd a-crofs, and made irregular harvest,
 Defac'd the pomp of battle ; but in vain ;
 For he was still supplying death elsewhere.
 This mad me, that, perhaps, ignoble hands
 Have overlaid him ; for they could not conquer.
 Murder'd by multitudes, whom I alone
 Had right to slay. I too would have been slain,
 That, catching hold upon his flitting ghost,
 I might have robb'd him of his opening heaven,
 And dragg'd him down with me, spite of predestination.

Ben. 'Tis of as much import as Afric's worth,
 To know what came of him, and of Almeyda,
 ' The sister of the vanquish'd Mahomet,
 ' Whose fatal beauty to her brother drew
 ' The land's third part, as Lucifer did Heaven's.'

Dor. ' I hope she dy'd in her own female calling,
 ' Choak'd up with man, and gorg'd with circumcision.'
 As for Sebastian, we must search the field,
 And where we see a mountain of the slain,
 Send one to climb, and looking down below,
 There he shall find him at his manly length,
 With his face up to heaven, in the red monument
 Which his true sword has digg'd.

DON SEBASTIAN.

Ben. Yet we may possibly hear farther news ;
For while our Africans pursu'd the chace,
The captain of the rabble issued out,
With a black, shirtless train, to spoil the dead,
And seize the living.

Dor. Each of them an host,
A million strong of vermin, every villain :
No part of government, but lords of anarchy,
Chaos of power, and privileg'd destruction.

Ben. Yet I must tell you, friend, the great must use
Sometimes as necessary tools of tumult. [them

Dor. I would use them
Like dogs in time of plague, out-laws of nature,
Fit to be shot and brain'd without a process,
To stop infection ; that's their proper death.

Ben. No more.
Behold the emperor coming to survey
The slaves, in order to perform his vow.

*Enter Muley-Moluch the Emperor, with Attendants.
The Mufti, and Muley-Zeydan.*

Emp. Our armours now may rust, our idle scymiters
Hang by our sides for ornament, not use ;
Children shall beat our atabals and drums,
And all the noisy trades of war no more
Shall wake the peaceful morn. ' The Xeriffs blood
' No longer in divided channels runs,
' The younger house took end in Mahomet ;'
Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name
Be longer us'd to lull the crying babe.

Muf. For this victorious day, our mighty prophet
Expects your gratitude, the sacrifice
Of Christian slaves, devoted, if you won.

Emp. The purple present shall be richly paid :
That vow perform'd, fasting shall be abolish'd ;
None ever serv'd Heaven well with a starv'd face :
Preach abstinence no more. I tell thee, Mufti,
Good feasting is devout ; and thou, our head,
Hast a religious, ruddy countenance.

' We will have learned luxury ; our lean faith
' Gives scandal to the Christians ; they feed high.

Then

DON SEBASTIAN.

Then look for shoals of converts, when thou hast
'Reform'd us into feasting.'

Muf. Fasting is but the letter of the law ;
Yet it shews well to preach it to the vulgar.
Wine is against our law, that's literal too ;
But not deny'd to kings, and to their guides.
Wine is a holy liquor for the great.

Dor. [*Aside.*] This Musti, in my conscience, is some
English renegado, he talks so favourily of toping.

Emp. Bring forth th' unhappy relicks of the war.

*Enter Mustapha, Captain of the rabble, with his followers
of the black-guard, &c. and other Moors ; with them a
company of Portuguese slaves, without any of the chief
persons.*

These are not fit to pay an emperor's vow ;
Our bulls and rams had been more noble victims ;
These are but garbage, not a sacrifice.

Muf. The prophet must not pick and chuse his offerings ;
Now he has given the day, 'tis past recalling ;
And he must be content with such as these.

Emp. But are these all? Speak you that are their masters.

Must. All, upon mine honour. If you'll take them as
their fathers got them, so ; if not, you must stay till they
get a better generation. These Christians are mere bung-
lers ; they procreate nothing but out of their own wives,
and these have all the looks of eldest sons.

Emp. Pain of your lives, let none conceal a slave.

Must. Let every man look to his own conscience ; I am
sure mine shall never hang me.

Ben. Thou speak'st as if thou wert privy to conceal-
ments. Then thou art an accomplice.

Must. Nay, if accomplices must suffer, it may go hard
with me. But here's the devil on't, there's a great man
and a holy man too concerned with me. Now, if I con-
fess, he'll be sure to escape between his greatness and his
holiness, and I shall be murdered because of my poverty
and rascality.

Muf. [*Winking at him.*] Then if thy silence save the
great and holy,

'Tis sure thou shalt go straight to Paradise.

Must. 'Tis a fine place, they say ; but, Doctor, I am
not worthy on't : I am contented with this homely world ;

'tis good enough for such a poor rascally Mussulman as I am. Besides, I have learnt so much good manners, Doctor, as to let my betters be served before me.

Emp. Thou talkest as if the Musti were concerned.

Must. Your majesty may lay your soul on't. But for my part, though I am a plain fellow, yet I scorn to be tricked into Paradise, I would he should know it. The truth on't is, an't like you, his reverence bought of me the flower of all the market—These—these are but dogs-meat to them: and a round price he paid me too, I'll say that for him, but not enough for me to venture my neck for. 'If I get Paradise when my time comes, I can't help myself; but I'll venture nothing beforehand, upon a blind bargain.'

Emp. Where are those slaves? Produce them.

Musf. They are not what he says.

Emp. No more excuses. [*One goes out to fetch them.*]
Know, thou may'st better dally
With a dead prophet, than a living king.

Musf. I but reserv'd them to present thy greatness,
An offering worthy thee.

Must. By the same token there was a dainty virgin, (virgin, said I? But I won't be too positive of that neither) with a roguish leering eye: he paid me down upon the nail a thousand golden sultanins, or he had never had her, I can tell him that. Now, is it very likely he would pay so dear for such a delicious morsel, and give it away out of his own mouth, when it had such a farewell with it too?

Enter Sebastian, conducted in mean habit, with Alvarez, Antonio, and Almeyda, her face veiled with a barnus.

Emp. Ay, these look like the workmanship of Heaven;
This is the porcelain clay of human kind,
And therefore cast into these noble molds.

Dor. [*Aside, while the Emperor whispers Benducar.*] By
all my wrongs,

'Tis he! 'Damnation seize me, but 'tis he!
My heart heaves up and swells; he's poison to me;
My injur'd honour, and my ravish'd love,
Bleed at their murd'rer's sight.

Ben. [*To Dor. aside.*] The Emperor would learn these
You know them.

[pris'ners names;

Dor.

Dor. Tell him, no;
 And trouble me no more—— I will not know them.
 ' Shall I trust Heav'n, that Heav'n which I renounc'd,
 ' With my revenge? Then, where's my satisfaction?
 ' No, it must be my own; I scorn a proxy. [*Aside.*]

Emp. 'Tis decreed,
 These of a better aspect, with the rest
 Shall share one common doom, and lots decide it.
 For every number'd captive put a ball
 Into an urn, three only black be there,
 The rest, all white, are safe.

Muf. Hold, Sir, the woman must not draw.

Emp. Oh, Musti,
 We know your reason! let her share the danger.

Muf. Our law says plainly women have no souls.

Emp. 'Tis true; their souls are mortal: set her by:
 Yet were Almeyda here, tho' Fame reports her
 The fairest of her sex, so much, unseen,
 I hate the sister of our rival house,
 Ten thousand such dry notions of our Alcoran
 Should not protect her life, if not immortal.
 ' Die as she could, all of a piece, the better,
 ' That none of her remain.'

*Here an urn is brought in; the prisoners approach with great
 concernment, and amongst the rest Sebastian, Alvarez, and
 Antonio, who come more cheerfully.*

Dor. Poor abject creatures, how they fear to die! [*Aside.*
 These never knew one happy hour in life;
 Yet shake to lay it down. Is load so pleasant?
 ' Or has Heav'n hid the happiness of death,
 ' That men may dare to live?'——Now for our heroes.
 [*The three approach.*]

Oh, these come up with spirits more resolv'd!
 Old, venerable Alvarez; well I know him;
 The fav'rite once of this Sebastian's father;
 Now minister—(too honest for his trade.)
 Religion bears him out, a thing taught young,
 In age ill practis'd, yet his prop in death.
 Oh, he has drawn a black, and smiles upon't,
 As who should say, my faith and soul are white,
 Tho' my lot swarthy! Now, if there be hereafter,
 He's blest'd; if not, well cheated, and dies pleas'd.

Anton.

Anton. [*Holding his lot in his clench'd hand.*] Here I have
Be what thou wilt. I will not look too soon. thee,
Thou hast a colour; if thou prov'st not right,
I have a minute good ere I behold thee.
Now let me rowl and grubble thee.
Blind men say white feels smooth, and black feels rough:
Thou hast a rugged skin; I do not like thee.

Dor. There's the amorous, airy spark, Antonio;
The wittiest woman's toy in Portugal.
Lord what a loss of treats and serenades!
The whole she nation will be in mourning for him.

Anton. I have a moist, sweaty palm ; the more's my sin.
If it be black, yet only dy'd, not odious
Damn'd natural ebony, there's hopes, in rubbing,
To wash this Ethiop white. [*Looks.*] Pox of the proverb !
As black as hell—'another lucky saying !
' I think the devil's in me—good again !
' I cannot speak one syllable, but tends
' To death, or to damnation.' [*Holds up his ball.*]

Dor. He looks uneasy at his future journey; [*Afide.*
And withes his boots off again, for fear
Of a bad road, and a worse inn at night.
Go to bed, fool, and take secure repose;
For thou shalt wake no more. [*Sebastian comes up to draw.*

Emp. (To Ben.) Mark him who now approaches to the
He looks secure of death; superior greatness, (lott'ry:
Like Jove when he made Fate, and said, Thou art
The slave of my creation—I admire him.

Ben. He looks as man was made, with face erect,
That scorns his brittle corpse, and seems asham'd
He's not all spirit; his eyes, with a dumb pride,
Accusing Fortune, that he fell not warm;
Yet now disdains to live. [Sebast. *draws a black.*

Emp. He has his wish ;
And I have fail'd of mine.

Dor. Robb'd of my vengeance by a trivial chance! [*Afide.*
Fine work above, 'that their anointed care
' Should die such little death! Or did his genius
' Know mine the stronger dæmon, fear'd the grapple,
' And looking round him, found this nook of fate
' To skulk behind my sword? Shall I discover him?
' Still he would not die mine; no thanks to my
' Revenge:

' Revenge : reserv'd but to more royal shambles.
 ' 'Twere base, too, and below those vulgar souls
 ' That shar'd his danger, yet not one disclos'd him ;
 ' But, struck with reverence, kept an awful silence.
 I'll see no more of this—Dog of a prophet ! [*Exit Dor.*

Emp. One of these three is a whole hecatomb ;
 And therefore only one of them shall die.

' The rest are but mute cattle ; and when Death
 ' Comes like a rushing lion, couch like spaniels,
 ' With lolling tongues, and tremble at the paw.'
 Let lots again decide it.

[*The three draw again, and the lot falls on Sebastian.*

Sebast. Then there's no more to manage. If I fall,
 It shall be like myself : a setting sun
 Should leave a track of glory in the sky.
 Behold Sebastian, King of Portugal.

Emp. Sebastian ! Ha ! it must be he ; no other
 Could represent such suffering majesty.
 I saw him, as he terms himself, a sun
 Struggling in dark eclipse, and shooting day
 On either side of the black orb that veil'd him.

Sebast. Not less, ev'n in this despicable now,
 Than when my name fill'd Afric with affrights,
 And froze your hearts beneath your torrid zone.

Ben. [*To the Emp.*] Extravagantly brave ! even to an
 Of greatness. [impudence]

Sebast. Here satiate all your fury ;
 Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me ;
 I have a soul, that, like an ample shield,
 Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
 ' I would have conquer'd you ; and ventur'd only
 ' A narrow neck of land for a third world,
 ' To give my subjects room to play.
 ' Fate was not mine,
 ' Nor am I Fate's. Now I have pleas'd my longing,
 ' And trod the ground which I beheld from far.
 ' I beg no pity for this mould'ring clay ;
 ' For if you give it burial, there it takes
 ' Possession of your earth ;
 ' If burnt and scatter'd in the air, the winds
 ' That strow my dust, diffuse my royalty,

' And

' And spread me o'er your clime ; for where one atom
' Of mine shall light, know, there Sebastian reigns.'

Emp. What shall I do to conquer thee ?

Sebast. Impossible —

Souls know no conquerors.

Emp. I'll shew thee for a monkey thro' my Afric.

Sebast. No, thou canst only shew me for a man.
Afric is stor'd with monsters ; man's a prodigy
Thy subjects have not seen.

Emp. Thou talk'st as if
Still at the head of battle.

Seb. Thou mistak'st ;
For then I would not talk.

Ben. Sure he would sleep.

Seb. Till doomsday, when the trumpet sounds to rise ;
For that's a soldier's call.

Emp. Thour't brave too late ;
Thou shouldst have dy'd in battle like a soldier.

Seb. I fought and fell like one ; but death deceiv'd me ;
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,
To crush my soul out.

Emp. Still untameable !
In what a ruin has thy headstrong pride,
And boundless thirst of empire, plung'd thy people !

Seb. What say'st thou ? Ha ! No more of that.

Emp. Behold,
What carcases of thine thy crimes have strew'd,
And left our Afric vultures to devour.

' *Ben.* Those souls were those thy god intrusted with
' To cherish, not destroy.' [thee,

Seb. Witness, Oh, Heaven, how much
This fight concerns me ! Would I had a soul
For each of these ; how gladly would I pay
The ransom down ! But since I have but one,
'Tis a king's life, and freely 'tis bestow'd.
Not your false prophet, but eternal justice,
Has destin'd me the lot to die for these.
'Tis fit a sovereign so should pay such subjects ;
For subjects, such as they, are seldom seen,
Who not forsook me at my greatest need,
' Nor for base lucre sold their loyalty,
' But shar'd my dangers to the last event,

' And fenc'd them with their own : ' these thanks I pay
you: [Wipes his eyes.

And know, that when Sebastian weeps, his tears
Come harder than his blood.

Emp. They plead too strongly
To be withstood: my clouds are gathering too,
In kindly mixture with his royal show'r:
Be safe and owe thy life, not to my gift,
But to the greatness of thy mind, Sebastian:
Thy subjects too shall live; a due reward
For their untainted faith, in thy concealment.

Muf. Remember, Sir, your vow. [A general shout.

Emp. Do thou remember.

Thy function, Mercy, and provoke not blood.

' *M. Zeyd.* One of his generous fits, too strong to last.
[Aside to Benducar.

' *Ben.* The Musti reddens, mark that holy cheek.
[To him.

' He frets within, froths treason at his mouth,

' And churns it through his teeth; leave me to work him.'

Seb. A mercy unexpected, undesir'd,
Surprizes more: you've learn'd the art to vanquish:
You could not (give me leave to tell you, Sir)
Have giv'n me life but in my subjects safety:
Kings, who are fathers, live but in their people.

Emp. Still great, and grateful, that's thy character.
Unveil the woman; I would view the face
That warm'd our Musti's zeal:
These pious parrots peck the fairest fruit:
Such tasters are for kings.

[Officers go to Almeyda to unveil her.

Alm. Stand off, ye slaves, I will not be unveil'd.

Emp. Slave is thy title: force her.

Seb. On your lives approach her not.

Emp. How's this?

Seb. Sir, pardon me,

And hear me speak. ———

Alm. Hear me; I will be heard:
I am no slave; the noblest blood of Afric
Runs in my veins; a purer stream than thine;
For, though deriv'd from the same source, thy current
Is puddled and defil'd with tyranny.

' *Emp.* What female fury have we here ?

' *Alm.* I should be one,

' Because of kin to thee : ' Wouldst thou be touch'd
By the presuming hands of saucy grooms ?
The same respect, nay, more, is due to me :
More for my sex ; the same for my descent.
These hands are only fit to draw the curtain.
Now, if thou dar'st, behold Almeyda's face.

[*Unveils herself.*

' *Ben.* Would I had never seen it !'

[*Aside.*

Alm. She whom thy Mufti tax'd to have no soul ;
Let Afric now be judge ;
Perhaps thou think'st I meanly hope to 'scape,
As did Sebastian when he own'd his greatness.
But to remove that scruple, know, base man,
My murder'd father, and my brother's ghost
Still haunt this breast, and prompt it to revenge.
Think not I could forgive, nor dare thou pardon.

' *Emp.* Wouldst thou revenge thee, trait'refs, hadst
thou power ?

' *Alm.* Traitor, I would ! the name's more justly thine :
' Thy father was not more than mine the heir
' Of this large empire ; but with arms united
' They fought their way, and seiz'd the crown by force :
' And equal as their danger was their share :
' For where was eldership, where none had right
' But that which conquest gave ? 'Twas thy ambition
' Pull'd from my peaceful father what his sword
' Help'd thine to gain : surpriz'd him and his kingdom,
' No provocation given, no war declar'd.

' *Emp.* I'll hear no more.

' *Alm.* This is the living coal, that burning in me,
' Would flame to vengeance, could it find a vent :
' My brother too, that lies yet scarcely cold
' In his deep wat'ry bed : my wand'ring mother,
' Who in exile died.
' Oh, that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
' That one might bourgeon where another fell !
' Still would I give thee work ; still, still, thou tyrant,
' And hiss thee with the last.'

Emp. Somewhat, I know not what, comes over me :
Whether the toils of battle, unrepair'd

With due repose, or other sudden qualm.

Benducar, do the rest. [*Goes off, the court follows him.*]

Ben. Strange ! in full health ! This pang is of the soul :
The body's unconcern'd : I'll think hereafter.

Conduct these royal captives to the castle ;

Bid Dorax use them well, till further order.

[*Going off, stops.*]

The inferior captives their first owners take,

To sell, or to dispose---You, Mustapha,

Set ope the market for the sale of slaves. [*Exit Bend.*]

[*The masters and slaves come forward, and buyers of several qualities come in and chaffer about the several owners, who make their slaves do tricks.*]

Must. My chattels are come into my hands again, and my conscience will serve me to sell them twice over ; any price now, before the Musti comes to claim them.

1st Mer. [*To Must.*] What dost hold that old fellow at ?
[*Pointing to Alvarez.*] He's tough, and has no service in his limbs.

Must. I confess he's somewhat tough ; but, I suppose, you would not boil him. I ask for him a thousand crowns.

1st Mer. Thou meanest a thousand maravedi's.

Must. Pr'ythee, friend, give me leave to know my own meaning.

1st Mer. What virtues has he to deserve that price ?

Must. Marry come up, Sir ! Virtues quoth-a ! I took him in the king's company ; he's of a great family, and rich ; what other virtues wouldst thou have in a nobleman ?

1st Mer. I buy him with another man's purse, that's my comfort. My Lord Dorax, the governor, will have him at any rate :—There's handsel. Come, old fellow, to the castle.

Alv. To what is miserable age reserv'd ! [*Aside.*]

But, Oh, the king ! and, Oh, the fatal secret !

Which I have kept thus long to time it better,
And now I would disclose, 'tis past my power.

[*Exit with his master.*]

Must. Something of a secret, and of the king I heard him mutter : a pimp I'll warrant him, for I am sure he is

is an old courtier. Now to put off t'other remnant of my merchandize.---' Stir up, firrah. [To Antonio.

' *Ant.* Dog, what wouldst thou have?

' *Must.* Learn better manners, or I shall serve you a dog-trick; come down upon all four immediately; I'll make you know your rider.

' *Ant.* Thou wilt not make a horse of me?

' *Must.* Horse or ass, that's as thy mother made thee; ---but take earnest in the first place for thy sauciness. [Lashes him with his whip.] Be advised, friend, and buckle to thy geers: behold my ensign of royalty displayed over thee.

' *Ant.* I hope one day to use thee worse in Portugal.

' *Must.* Ay, and good reason, friend: if thou catchest me conquering on thy side of the water, lay me on lustily, I'll take it as kindly as thou dost this.

' [Holds up his whip.

' *Ant.* [Lying down.] Hold, my dear thrum-cap: I obey thee cheerfully. I see the doctrine of non-resistance is never practised thoroughly, but when a man can't help himself.

' *Enter a second Merchant.*

' *2d Mer.* You, friend, I would see that fellow do his postures.

' *Must.* [Bridling *Ant.*] Now, firrah, follow, for you have rode enough: to your paces, villain, amble, trot, and gallop:---Quick about there.---Yeap, the more money's bidden for you, the more your credit.

' [Antonio follows at the end of the bridle on his hands and feet, and does all his postures.]

' *2d Mer.* He's well chined, and has a tolerable good back; that's half in half. [To *Mustapha.*] I would see him strip, has he no diseases about him?

' *Must.* He's the best piece of man's flesh in the market, not an eye-fore in his whole body. Feel his legs, master, neither splint, spaven, nor wind-gall.

' [Claps him on the shoulder.]

' *Mer.* [Feeling about him, and then putting his hand on his side.] Out upon him, how his flank heaves! The whorson's broken-winded.

' *Must.* Thick-breathed a little; nothing but a sorry cold with lying out a nights in trenches; but sound

‘ wind and limb, I warrant him. Try him at a loose
‘ trot a little. [*Puts the bridle into his hand, he strokes him.*

‘ *Ant.* For heaven’s sake, owner, spare me : you know
‘ I am but new broken.’

2d Mer. ‘ ’Tis but a washy jade, I see.’ What do you
ask for this bauble ?

Must. Bauble do you call him ? he’s a substantial true-
bred beast ; bravely forehanded : mark but the cleanness
of his shapes too : his dam may be a Spanish gennet, but
a true barb by the fire, or I have no skill in horse-flesh—
Marry, I ask fix hundred xerifs for him.

Enter Musti.

Muf. What’s that you are asking, firrah ?

Must. Marry I ask your reverence fix hundred par-
dons ; I was doing you a small piece of service here,
putting off your cattle for you.

Muf. And putting the money into your own pocket ?

Must. Upon vulgar reputation, no my Lord, it was
for your profit and emolument. ‘ What, wrong the head
‘ of my religion ? I was sensible you would have damned
‘ me, or any man that should have injured you in a single
‘ farthing ; for I knew that was sacrifice.

‘ *Muf.* Sacrilege you mean, firrah,—and damning
‘ shall be the least part of your punishment : I have taken
‘ you in the manner, and will have the law upon you.

‘ *Must.* Good my Lord, take pity upon a poor man in
‘ this world, and damn me in the next.

‘ *Muf.* No, firrah, so you may repent, and scape
‘ punishment : Did not you sell this very slave amongst
‘ the rest to me, and take money for him ?

‘ *Must.* Right, my Lord.

‘ *Muf.* And selling him again, take money twice for
‘ the same commodity ? Oh, villain ! But did you not
‘ know him to be my slave, firrah ?

‘ *Muf.* Why should I lie to your honour ? I did know
‘ him ; and thereupon seeing him wander about, took
‘ him up for a stray, and impounded him, with intention
‘ to restore him to the right owner.

‘ *Muf.* And yet at the same time was selling him to
‘ another : how rarely the story hangs together !

‘ *Must.* Patience, my Lord. I took him up, as your
‘ herriot, with intention to have made the best of him,
‘ and

‘ and then have brought the whole product of him in a
 ‘ purse to you ; for I know you would have spent half
 ‘ of it upon your pious pleasures,’ have hoarded up the
 other half, and given the remainder in charities to the
 poor.

Muf. And what’s become of my other slave? Thou
 hast sold him too, I have a villainous suspicion.

Must. I know you have, my Lord ; but while I was
 managing this young robustious fellow, that old spark,
 who was nothing but skin and bone, and by consequence
 very nimble, slipped through my fingers like an eel, for
 there was no hold-fast of him, and ran away to buy him-
 self a new master.

Muf. [*To Ant.*] Follow me home, firrah. [*To Must.*]
 I shall remember you some other time.

[*Exeunt Muf. with Ant.*]

Must. I never doubted your Lordship’s memory, for an
 ill turn : and I shall remember him too in the next rising
 of the mobile, for this act of resumption ; ‘ and more es-
 ‘ pecially for the ghostly counsel he gave me before the
 ‘ emperor, to have hanged myself in silence, to have
 ‘ saved his reverence.’ The best on’t is, I am before-
 hand with him, for selling one of his slaves twice over.
 —And if he had not come just in the nick, I might
 have pocketted up t’other : for what should a poor man
 do that gets his living by hard labour, but pray for bad
 times when he may get it easily ? Oh, for some incom-
 parable tumult ! Then should I naturally wish that the
 beaten party might prevail ; because we have plundered
 t’other side already, and there’s nothing more to get of
 them.

Both rich and poor for their own interest pray,	}
’Tis ours to make our fortune while we may ;	
For kingdoms are not conquer’d every day. [<i>Ex.</i>]	

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *supposed to be a terrace walk, on the side of the castle of Alcazar.*

Enter Emperor and Benducar.

EMPEROR.

AND think'st thou not it was discover'd?

Ben. No:

' The thoughts of kings are like religious groves,
' The walks of muffled gods: sacred retreat,
' Where none but whom they please t'admit, approach,

' *Em.* Did not my conscious eyes flash out a flame
' To lighten those brown horrors, and disclose
' The secret path I trod?

' *Ben.* I could not find it, 'till you lent a clue
' To that close labyrinth; how then should they?'

Emp. I would be loth they should: it breeds contempt
For herds to listen, or presume to pry,
When the hurt lion groans within his den:
But is't not strange?

Ben. To love? not more than 'tis to live; a tax
Impos'd on all by Nature, paid in kind,
Familiar as our being.

Emp. Still 'tis strange

' To me: I know my soul as wild as wind,
' That sweeps the desarts of our moving plains;
' Love might as well be sow'd upon our sands,
' As in a breast so barren.'

To love an enemy, ' the only one
' Remaining too, whom yester sun beheld,
' Must ring her charms, and rolling as she past
' By every squadron her alluring eyes;
' To edge her champions swords, and urge my ruin.
' The shouts of soldiers, and the burst of cannon,
' Maintain even still a deaf and murm'ring noise;
' Nor is heav'n yet recover'd of the sound
' Her battle rous'd: yet spite of me, I love.

' *Ben.* What then controuls you?

' Her person is as prostrate as her party.

' *Emp.* A thousand things controul this conqueror:

' My

' My native pride to own th' unworthy passion,
 ' Hazard of interest, and my people's love.
 ' To what a storm of fate am I expos'd !
 ' What if I had her murder'd ? 'tis but what
 ' My subjects all expect, and she deserves.
 ' Would not the impossibility
 ' Of ever, ever seeing, or possessing,
 ' Calm all this rage, this hurricane of soul ?
 ' *Ben.* That ever, ever,
 ' I mark'd the double, shows extreme reluctance
 ' To part with her for ever.
 ' *Emp.* Right, thou hast me.
 ' I would, but cannot kill, I must enjoy her :
 ' I must, and what I must, be sure I will.
 ' What's royalty, but power to please myself !
 ' And if I dare not, then am I the slave,
 ' And my own slaves the sovereigns,— 'tis resolv'd !
 ' Weak princes flatter when they want the power
 ' To curb their people : tender plants must bend :
 ' But when a government is grown to strength,
 ' Like some old oak, rough with its armed bark,
 ' It yields not to the tug, but only nods,
 ' And turns to fullen state.'

Ben. Then you resolve
 T' implore her pity, and to beg relief ?
Emp. Death ! must I beg the pity of my slave ?
 Must a king beg ? Yes, love's a greater king ;
 ' A tyrant, nay, a devil that possesses me :'
 He tunes the organs of my voice, and speaks
 Unknown to me within me ; pushes me,
 And drives me on by force, —
 Say I should wed her, would not my wise subjects
 Take check, and think it strange ? perhaps revolt ?

Ben. I hope they would not.

' *Emp.* Then thou doubt'st they would ?

Ben. To whom ?

Emp. To her

Perhaps, or to my brother, or to thee.

Ben. [*In disorder.*] To me ! Me did you mention ?
 How I tremble !

The name of treason shakes my honest soul.

If

If I am doubted, Sir,
Secure yourself this moment, take my life.

Emp. No 'more:' if I suspected thee—I would.

Ben. I thank your kindness: guilt had almost lost me.
[*Afide.*

Emp. But clear my doubts: think'st thou they may
rebel?

Ben. 'This goes as I would wish——' [*Afide.*

'Tis possible:

A secret party still remains, that lurks
Like embers rak'd in ashes——wanting but
A breath to blow aside th' involving dust,
And then they blaze abroad.

Emp. They must be trampled out.

Ben. But first be known.

Emp. Torture shall force it from them.

Ben. You would not put a nation to the rack?

Emp. Yes, the whole world; so I be safe, I care not.

Ben. Our limbs and lives

Are yours, but mixing friends with foes is hard.

Emp. All may be foes; or how to to be distinguish'd,
If some be friends?

Ben. They may with ease be winnow'd;
Suppose some one who has deserv'd your trust,
Some one who knows mankind, should be employ'd
To mix among 'em, seem a malecontent,
And dive into their breasts, to try how far
They dare oppose your love?

Emp. I like this well; 'tis wholesome wickedness.

Ben. Whomever he suspects, he fastens there,
And leaves no cranny of his foul unsearch'd:
'Then like a bee bagg'd with his honey'd venom,
'He brings it to your hive:' if such a man
So able and so honest may be found;
If not, my project dies.——

Emp. By all my hopes thou hast describ'd thyself:—
Thou, thou alone art fit to play that engine
Thou only couldst contrive.

Ben. Sure I could serve you;
I think I could:——but here's the difficulty,
I'm so intirely yours,

That

That I should scurvily dissemble hate ;
The cheat would be too gross.

Emp. Art thou a statesman,
And canst not be a hypocrite ? Impossible :
Do not distrust thy virtues.

Ben. If I must personate this seeming villain,
Remember 'tis to serve you.

Emp. No more words :
Love goads me to Almeyda, all affairs
Are troublesome but that ; and yet that most. [*Going.*
Bid Dorax treat Sebastian like a king ;
I had forgot him ;——‘ but this love mars all,
‘ And takes up my whole breast.’ [*Exit Emperor.*

Ben. [*To the Emp.*] Be sure I'll tell him——
With all the aggravating circumstances
I can, to make him swell at that command.
‘ The tyrant first suspected me :
‘ Then with a sudden gust he whirl'd about,
‘ And trusted me too far : madness of pow'r !
‘ Now, by his own consent I ruin him.
‘ For, should some feeble soul, for fear or gain,
‘ Bolt out t'accuse me, ev'n the king is cozen'd,
‘ And thinks he's in the secret.
‘ How sweet is treason when the traitor's safe !’

Enter Musti and Dorax, seeming to confer.
The Musti, and with him my fullen Dorax :
The first is mine already.
‘Twas easy work to gain a covetous mind,
Whom rage to lose his pris'ners had prepar'd :
Now, caught himself.
He would seduce another ; I must help him :
For churchmen, though they itch to govern all,
Are silly, woeful, aukward politicians :
‘ They make lame mischief, though they mean it well :
‘ Their int'rest is not finely drawn, and hid,
‘ But seams are coarsely bungled up, and seen.’

Muf. He'll tell you more.

Dor. I've heard enough already
To make me loath thy morals.

Ben. [*To Dor.*] You seem warm ;
The good man's zeal perhaps has gone too far.

Dor.

Dor. Not very far ; not farther than zeal goes
Of course ; a small day's journey short of treason.

Muf. By all that's holy, treason was not nam'd :
' I spar'd the emperor's broken vows, to save
' The slaves from death : tho' it was cheating heav'n,
' But I forgave him that.

' *Dor.* And slighted o'er [Scornfully.
' The wrongs himself sustain'd in property :
' When his bought slaves were seiz'd by force, no loss
' Of his consider'd, and no cost repaid.

' *Muf.* Not wholly slighted o'er, not absolutely :
' Some modest hints of private wrongs I urg'd.'

Dor. Two thirds of all he said : ' there he began
' To shew the fulness of his heart ; there ended :
' Some short excursions of a broken vow
' He made indeed, but flat insipid stuff :
' But when he made his loss the theme, he flourish'd,
' Reliev'd his fainting rhetoric with new figures,
' And thunder'd at oppressing tyranny.'

Muf. Why not, when sacrilegious pow'r would seize
My property ? 'tis an affront to heav'n,
Whose person, though unworthy, I sustain.

Dor. ' You've made such strong alliances above,
' That 'twere profaneness in us laity
' To offer earthly aid.'

I tell thee, Musfi, if the world were wise,
They would not wag one finger in your quarrels.
Your heav'n you promise, but our earth you covet :
The Phaetons of mankind, who fire that world,
Which you were sent by preaching but to warm.

Ben. This goes beyond the mark.

Muf. No, let him rail :
His prophet works within him ;
He's a rare convert.

Dor. ' Now his zeal yearns
' To see me burnt ; he damns me from his church,
' Because I would restrain him to his duty :'
Is not the care of souls a load sufficient ?
Are not your holy stipends paid for this ?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,
To study souls, their cures, and their diseases ?
If this be so, we ask you but our own :

Give us your whole employment, all your care :
 The province of the soul is large enough
 To fill up every cranny of your time,
 And leave you much to answer, if one wretch
 Be damn'd by your neglect.

Ben. [To the Mufti.] He speaks but reason.

' *Dor.* Why then these foreign thoughts of state-
 employments,

' Abhorrent to your function and your breeding ?
 ' Poor droaning truants of unpractis'd cells,
 ' Bred in the fellowship of bearded boys,
 ' What wonder is it if you know not men ?
 ' Yet there you live demure, with down-cast eyes,
 ' And humble as your discipline requires :
 ' But, when let loose from thence to live at large,
 ' Your little tincture of devotion dies ;
 ' Then luxury succeeds, and sets agog
 ' With a new scene of yet untasted joys,
 ' You fall with greedy hunger to the feast.
 ' Of all your college virtues, nothing now
 ' But your original ignorance remains ;
 ' Bloated with pride, ambition, avarice,
 ' You swell, to counsel kings, and govern kingdoms.

' *Muf.* He prates as if kings had not consciences,
 ' And none requir'd directors but the crowd.

' *Dor.* As private men they want you, not as kings ;
 ' Nor would you care t'inspect their public conscience,
 ' But that it draws dependencies of pow'r,
 ' And earthly interest, which you long to sway :
 ' Content you with monopolizing heav'n,
 ' And let this little hanging ball alone ;
 ' For give you but a foot of conscience there,
 ' And you, like Archimedes, tofs the globe.
 ' We know your thoughts of us that laymen are,
 ' Lag souls, and rubbish of remaining clay,
 ' Which heav'n, grown weary of more perfect work,
 ' Set upright with a little puff of breath,
 ' And bid us pass for men.'

Muf. I will not answer,
 Base foul-mouth'd renegade ; but I'll pray for thee,
 To shew my charity.

[Exit Mufti.]

Dor. Do ; but forget not him who needs it most :

D

Allow

Allow thyself some share : ' he's gone too soon ;
 ' I had to tell him of his holy jugglings ;
 ' Things that would startle faith, and make us deem
 ' Not this, or that, but all religions false.'

Ben. Our holy orator has lost the cause : [*Aside.*
 But I shall yet redeem it.—[*To Dorax.*] Let him go ;
 For I have secret orders from the emperor,
 Which none but you must hear : I must confess,
 I could have wish'd some other hand had brought them.
 When did you see your pris'ner, great Sebastian.

Dor. You might as well have ask'd me, when I saw
 A crested dragon, or a basilisk ;
 Both are less poison to my eyes and nature.
 He knows not I am I ; nor shall he see me,
 Till time has perfected a lab'ring thought,
 That rowls within my breast.

Ben. 'Twas my mistake :
 I guess'd indeed that time, and his misfortunes,
 And your returning duty, had effac'd
 The mem'ry of past wrongs ; they would in me,
 And I judg'd you as tame, and as forgiving.

Dor. Forgive him ! No : I left my foolish faith,
 Because it would oblige me to forgiveness.

Ben. I can't but grieve to find you obstinate :
 For you must see him ; 'tis our emp'ror's will,
 And strict command.

Dor. I laugh at that command. [him.]

Ben. You must do more than see ; serve, and respect

Dor. See, serve him, and respect, and after all
 My yet uncancell'd wrongs, I must do this !
 But I forget myself.

Ben. Indeed you do.

Dor. The emp'ror is a stranger to my wrongs :
 I need but tell my story, to revoke
 This hard commission.

Ben. Can you call me friend,
 And think I could neglect to speak, at full,
 Th' affronts you had from your ungrateful master ?

Dor. And yet enjoin'd my service and attendance ?

Ben. And yet enjoin'd them both : would that were all ;
 He skrew'd his face into a harden'd smile,
 And said Sebastian knew to govern slaves.

Dor.

Dor. Slaves are the growth of Afric, not of Europe :
By Heav'n, I will not lay down my commission ;
Not at his foot, I will not stoop so low :
But if there be a part in all his face
More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there.

Ben. You may : but then you lose all future means
Of vengeance on Sebastian, ' when no more
' Alcade of this fort.'

Dor. That thought escap'd me.

Ben. Keep your command, and be reveng'd on both :
' Nor sooth yourself ; you have no pow'r t' affront him ;
' The emp'ror's love protects him from insults.
' And he who spoke that proud, ill-natur'd word,
' Following the bent of his impetuous temper,
' May force your reconciliation to Sebastian :
' Nay, bid you kneel, and kiss the offending foot,
' That kick'd you from his presence.'

But think not to divide their punishment ;
You cannot touch a hair of loath'd Sebastian,
While Muley-Moluch lives.

Dor. What means this riddle ?

Ben. 'Tis out ; there no needs to *Cædipus* to solve it.
Our emp'ror is a tyrant, fear'd and hated ;
I scarce remember in his reign, one day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable head.
He thinks the sun is lost that sees no blood :
When none is shed we count it holiday.
We, who are most in favour, cannot call
This hour our own :—you know the younger brother,
Mild Muley-Zeydan ?——

Dor. Hold, and let me think.

Ben. The soldiers idolize you,
He trusts you with the castle,
The key of all his kingdom.

Dor. Well ; and he trusts you too.

Ben. Else I were mad,
To hazard such a daring enterprize.

Dor. He trusts us both ; mark that, shall we betray
' A master, who reposes life and empire [him :
' On our fidelity ? I grant he is a tyrant,
' That hated name my nature most abhors ;
' More, as you say, has loaded me with scorn,

' Ev'n with the last contempt, to serve Sebastian.
 ' Yet more I know he vacates my revenge :
 ' Which but by this revolt I cannot compass :
 ' But, while he trusts me, 'twere so base a part
 ' To fawn, and yet betray ; I should be hiss'd
 ' And whoop'd in hell for that ingratitude.'

Ben. Consider well what I have done for you.

Dor. Consider thou what thou would'st have me do.

Ben. You've too much honour for a renegade.

Dor. And thou too little faith to be a fav'rite.

' Is not the bread thou eat'st, the robe thou wear'st,
 ' Thy wealth and honours, all the pure indulgence
 ' Of him thou would'st destroy ?
 ' And would his creature, nay, his friend, betray him :
 ' Why then no bond is left on human kind :
 ' Distrusts, debates, immortal strifes ensue ;
 ' Children may murder parents, wives their husbands ;
 ' All must be rapine, wars and desolation,
 ' When trust and gratitude no longer bind.'

Ben. Well have you argued in your own defence ;
 You, who have burst asunder all those bonds,
 And turn'd a rebel to your native prince.

Dor. True, I rebell'd : but when did I betray ?
 Indignities, which man could not support,
 Provok'd my vengeance to this noble crime :
 But he had stripp'd me first of my command,
 Dismiss'd my service, and absolv'd my faith ;
 And, with disdainful language, dar'd my worst.
 I but accepted war, which he denounc'd.
 Else had you seen, not Dorax, but Alonzo,
 With his couch'd lance against your foremost Moors,
 Perhaps too turn'd the fortune of the day ;
 Made Afric mourn, and Portugal triumph.

Ben. Let me embrace thee.

Dor. Stand off, sycophant,
 And keep infection distant.

Ben. Brave and honest.

Dor. In spite of thy temptations.

Ben. Call them trials :

There were no more : ' thy faith was held in balance,
 ' And nicely weigh'd by jealousy of pow'r ;
 ' Vast was the trust of such a royal charge,

' And

' And our wise emperor might justly fear
' Sebastian might be freed and reconcil'd,
' By new obligations, to thy former love.'

Dor. I doubt thee still; thy reasons were too strong,
And driven too near the head, to be but artifice:
And after all, I know thou art a statesman,
Where truth is rarely found.

Ben. Behold the emperor;
Ask him, I beg thee, to be justify'd,
If he employ'd me not to ford thy soul,
And try the footing whether false or firm.

Dor. Death to my eyes, I see Sebastian with him!
Must he be serv'd! Avoid him; if we meet,
It must be like the crush of heav'n and earth,
T'involve us both in ruin. [Exit.

Ben. 'Twas a bare saving game I made with Dorax,
But better so than lost: he cannot hurt me,
That I precautioned; I must ruin him.
But now this love; ay, there's the gath'ring storm!
The tyrant must not wed Almeyda; no;
That ruins all the fabric I am raising.
Yet seeming to approve it gave me time,
And gaining time gains all.

[Benducar goes and waits behind the Emperor.]
Enter Emperor, Sebastian, and Almeyda, advancing to the
front of the stage; guards and attendants.

Emp. [To Seb.] I bade them serve you, and if they
obey not,
I keep my lions keen within their dens,
To stop their maws with disobedient slaves.

Seb. If I had conquer'd,
They could not have with more observance waited:
' Their eyes, hands, feet,
' Are all so quick, they seem t'have but one motion,
' To catch my flying words.' Only the Alcade
Shuns me, and with a grim civility
Bows, and declines my walks.

Emp. A renegade!
I know no more of him: but that he's brave,
And hates your Christian sect. If you can frame
A farther wish, give wing to your desires,
And name the thing you want.

Seb. My liberty ;
For were ev'n Paradise itself my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

Emp. Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquaint-
In former beings : or struck out together, [ed
One spark to Afric flew, and one to Portugal.
Expect a quick deliverance : [*Turning to Almei.*] Here's
third,

Of kindred soul to both : pity our stars
Have made us foes ! I should not wish her death.

Alm. I ask no pity ; if I thought my soul
Of kin to thine, soon would I rend my heart-strings,
And tear out that alliance : but thou, viper,
Hast cancell'd kindred, made a rent in nature,
And through her holy bowels gnaw'd thy way,
Through thy own blood to empire.

Emp. This again :
And yet she lives, and only lives t'upbraid me.

Seb. What honour is there in a woman's death !
Wrong'd as she says, but helpless to revenge ;
' Strong in her passion, impotent of reason,'
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be destroy'd.
Mark her majestic fabrick ; she's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine ;
Her soul's the deity that lodges there :
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.

Emp. She's all that thou canst say, or I can think.
But the perverseness of her clam'rous tongue
Strikes pity deaf.

Seb. Then only hear her eyes ;
Tho' they are mute, they plead ; nay more, command ;
For beauteous eyes have arbitrary power.
' All females have prerogative of sex,
' The shees even of the savage herd are safe :
' All, when they snarl or bite, have no return
' But courtship from the male.'

Emp. Were she not she, and I not Muley-Moluch,
She's mistress of inevitable charms,
For all but me ; nor am I so exempt,
But that——I know not what I was to say——
But I am too obnoxious to my friends,
And sway'd by your advice.

Seb.

Seb. Sir, I advis'd not ;
By Heav'n, I never counsell'd love, but pity.

Emp. By Heav'n thou didst : deny it not, thou didst :
For what was all that prodigality
Of praise, but to enslave me !——

Seb. Sir——

Emp. No more :
Thou hast convinc'd me, that she's worth my love.

Seb. Was ever man so ruin'd by himself ? *[Aside.*

Alm. ' Thy love ! that odious mouth was never fram'd
' To speak a word so soft.'

Name death again, for that thou canst pronounce
With horrid grace, becoming of a tyrant.
Love is for human hearts, and not for thine,
Where the brute beast extinguishes the man.

Emp. Such if I were, yet rugged lions love,
And grapple, and compel their savage dames.——
Mark, my Sebastian, how that sullen frown, *[She frowns.*
Like flashing lightning, opens angry heaven ;
And while it kills, delights. But yet, insult not
Too soon, proud beauty, I confess no love.

Seb. No, Sir, I said so, and I witness for you :
Not love, but noble pity mov'd your mind :
Int'rest might urge you too to save her life ;
For those who wish her party lost, might murmur
At shedding royal blood.

Emp. Right, thou instruct'st me :
Interest of state requires not death, but marriage,
T' unite the jarring titles of our line,

Seb. Let me dumb for ever, all I plead, *[Aside.*
Like wildfire thrown against the winds, returns
With double force to burn me.

Emp. Could I but bend, to make my beauteous foe
The partner of my throne, and of my bed——

Alm. Still thou dissemblest ; but I read thy heart,
And know the power of my own charms ; thou lov'st,
And I am pleas'd, for my revenge, thou dost.

Emp. And thou hast cause.

Alm. I have, for I have power to make thee wretched.
Be sure I will, and yet despair of freedom.

Emp. Well then, I love,——
And 'tis below my greatness to disown it :

Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too :
 Would hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day sun,
 ' Through the parch'd desarts, and the scorching sands,'
 ' T' enjoy thy love, and once enjoy'd, to kill thee.

Alm. 'Tis a false courage, when thou threatnest me ;
 Thou canst not stir a hand to touch my life :
 Do not I see thee tremble while thou speak'st ?
 Lay by thy lion's hide, vain conqueror,
 And take the distaff ; for thy soul's my slave.

Emp. Confusion ! How thou view'st my very heart !

' I could as soon
 ' Stop a spring tide, blown in, with my bare hand,
 ' As this impetuous love : ' — Yes, I will wed thee :
 In spite of thee, and of myself, I will.

Alm. For what ? to people Africa with monsters,
 Which that unnatural mixture must produce ?

' No, were we join'd, ev'n though it were in death,
 ' Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
 ' The prodigy of Thebes would be renew'd,
 ' And my divided flame should break from thine.

' *Emp.* Serpent, I will engender poison with thee ;
 ' Join hate with hate, add venom to the birth ;
 ' Our off-spring, like the seed of dragon teeth,
 ' Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death.'

Alm. I'm calm again, thou canst not marry me.

' *Emp.* As gleams of sunshine soften storms to showers,
 ' So if you smile, the loudness of my rage
 ' In gentle whispers shall return, but this —
 ' That nothing can divert my love but death.

' *Alm.* See how thou art deceiv'd,' I am a Christian ;
 ' 'Tis true, unpractis'd in my new belief,
 ' Wrongs I resent, nor pardon yet with ease ;
 ' Those fruits come late, and are of slow increase,
 ' In haughty hearts, like mine : ' now, tell thyself
 If this one word destroy not thy design ;
 Thy law permits thee not to marry me.

' *Emp.* 'Tis but a specious tale, to blast my hopes,
 ' And baffle my pretensions. Speak, Sebastian,
 ' And as a king, speak true.

' *Seb.* Then, thus adjur'd
 ' On a king's word 'tis truth, but truth ill-tim'd ;
 ' For her dear life is now expos'd anew ;

Unless

' Unless you wholly can put on divinity,
' And graciously forgive.

' *Alm.* Now learn by this,
' The little value I have left for life,
' And trouble me no more.'

Emp. I thank thee, woman ;
Thou hast restor'd me to my native rage ;
And I will seize my happiness by force.

Seb. Know, Muley-Moluch, when thou dar'st attempt—

Emp. Beware, I would not be provok'd to use
A conqueror's right, and therefore charge thy silence.
If thou would'st merit to be thought my friend,
I leave thee to persuade her to compliance ;
If not, there's a new gust in ravishment,
Which I have ne'er yet try'd.

' *Ben.* They must be watch'd ; [*Aside.*
' For something I observ'd creates a doubt.'

[*Exit Emp. and Bend.*

Seb. I've been too tame, have basely borne my wrongs,
And not exerted all the king within me :
I heard him, Oh, sweet heav'ns, he threat'ned rape ;
Nay, insolently urg'd me to persuade thee,
Ev'n thee, thou idol of my soul and eyes ;
For whom I suffer life, and drag this being.

' *Alm.* You turn my prison to a Paradise ;
' But I have turn'd your empire to a prison :
' In all your wars good fortune flew before you ;
' Sublime you sat in triumph on her wheel ;
' Till in my fatal cause your sword was drawn,
' The weight of my misfortunes dragg'd you down.

' *Seb.* And is't not strange, that heav'n should bless my
' In common causes, and desert the best ? [*arms*
' Now in your greatest, last extremity,
' When I would aid you most, and most desire it,
' I bring but sighs, the succours of a slave.'

Alm. ' Leave then the luggage of your fate behind,
' To make your flight more easy, leave Almeyda :
' Nor think me left a base ignoble prey,
' Expos'd to this inhuman tyrant's lust ;'
My virtue is a guard beyond my strength,
And death, my last defence, within my call.

' *Seb.* Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come ;
' Ty-

' Tyrants can tie him up from your relief :
 ' Nor has a Christian privilege to die.
 ' Alas, thou art too young in thy new faith ;
 ' Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
 ' And give them furlo's for another world :
 ' But we, like centries, are oblig'd to stand
 ' In starless nights, and wait th' appointed hour.

' *Alm.* If shunning ill be good
 ' To those who cannot shun it but by death,
 ' Divines but peep on undiscover'd worlds,
 ' And draw the distant landscape as they please :
 ' But who has e'er return'd from those bright regions,
 ' To tell their manners, and relate their laws ?
 ' I'll venture landing on that happy shore
 ' With an unfully'd body and white mind ;
 ' If I have err'd, some kind inhabitant
 ' Will pity a stray'd soul, and take me home.'

Seb. Beware of death, thou canst not die unperjur'd,
 And leave an unaccomplish'd love behind.
 Thy vows are mine ; nor will I quit my claim :
 The tie of minds are but imperfect bonds,
 Unless the bodies join to seal the contract.

Alm. What joys can you possess, or can I give,
 Where groans of death succeed the sighs of love ?
 Our Hymen has not on his saffron robe ;
 But muffled up in mourning, downward holds
 His drooping torch, extinguish'd with his tears.

Seb. The God of Love stands ready to revive it
 With his ætherial breath.

' *Alm.* 'Tis late to join, when we must part so soon.

' *Seb.* Nay, rather let us haste it, ere we part :
 ' Our souls for want of that acquaintance here,
 ' May wander in the starry walks above,
 ' And, forc'd on worse companions, miss ourselves.

' *Alm.* The tyrant will not long be absent hence ;
 ' And soon I shall be ravish'd from your arms.

' *Seb.* Wilt thou thyself become the greater tyrant,
 ' And give not love, while thou hast love to give ?
 ' In dangerous days, when riches are a crime,
 ' The wise betimes make over their estates ;
 ' Make o'er thy honour, by a deed of trust,
 ' And give me seizure of the mighty wealth.'

Alm.

Alm. What shall I do? Oh, teach me to refuse!

- ' I would, and yet I tremble at the grant:
- ' For dire presages fright my soul by day,
- ' And boding visions haunt my nightly dreams;
- ' Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of ghosts,
- ' Thin, hollow sounds, and lamentable screams;
- ' Then, like a dying echo, from afar,
- ' My mother's voice, that cries, Wed not, Almeýda!
- ' Forewarn'd Almeýda, marriage is thy crime.

' *Seb.* Some envious dæmon, to delude our joys——

' Love is not sin, but where 'tis sinful love.

' *Alm.* Mine is a flame so holy and so clear,
' That the white taper leaves no foot behind,
' No smoke of lust: but chaste as sister's love,
' When coldly they return a brother's kiss,
' Without the zeal that meets at lovers mouths.

' *Seb.* Laugh, then, at fond presages; I had some:
' Fam'd Nostrodamus, when he took my horoscope,
' Foretold my father, I should wed with incest.
' Ere this unhappy war my mother dy'd,
' And sisters I had none: vain augury!
' A long religious life, a holy age,
' My stars assign'd me too—impossible;
' For how can incest suit with holiness,
' Or priestly orders with a princely state?

Alm. Old venerable Alvarez!—— [*Sighing.*]

Seb. But why that sigh in naming that good man?

' *Alm.* Your father's counsellor and confident——

' *Seb.* He was; and, if he lives, my second father.'

Alm. Mark'd our farewell, when, going to the fight,

You gave Almeýda for the word of battle:

'Twas in that fatal moment he discover'd

The love that long we labour'd to conceal.

' I know it; tho' my eyes stood full of tears,

' Yet thro' the mist I saw him stedfast gaze;'

Then knock'd his aged breast, and inward groan'd,

Like some sad prophet, that foresaw the doom

Of those whom best he lov'd, and could not save.

Seb. It startles me, and brings to my remembrance,

That, when the shock of battle was begun,

' He would have much complain'd (but had not time)

' Of our hid passion; then, with lifted hands,'

He

He begg'd me, by my father's sacred soul,
 Not to espouse you, if he dy'd in fight :
 For, if he liv'd, and we were conquerors,
 He had such things to urge against our marriage,
 As, now declar'd, would blunt my sword in battle,
 And dastardize my courage.

' *Alm.* My blood curdles,
 ' And cakes about my heart.

' *Seb.* I'll breathe a sigh so warm into thy bosom,
 ' Shall make it flow again. My love, he knows not
 ' Thou art a Christian : that produc'd his fear,
 ' Lest thou should sooth my soul with charms so strong,
 ' That Heav'n might prove too weak.'

Alm. There must be more ;
 This could not blunt your sword.

Seb. Yes, if I drew it with a curs'd intent
 To take a misbeliever to my bed :
 It must be so.

Alm. Yet——

Seb. No, thou shalt not plead,
 With that fair mouth, against the cause of love.
 Within this castle is a captive priest,
 My holy confessor, whose free access
 Not ev'n the barb'rous victors have refus'd :
 This happy hour his hands shall make us one.

Alm. I go, with Love and Fortune, two blind guides,
 To lead my way, half loth, and half consenting.
 If, as my soul forebodes, some dire event
 Pursue this union, or some crime unknown,
 Forgive me, Heav'n ; and all ye bless'd above,
 Excuse the frailty of unbounded love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *supposed a Garden, with Lodging Rooms behind
 it, or on the Side.*

*Enter Musti, Antonio as a slave, and Johayma, the
 Musti's wife.*

Muf. And how do you like him ? Look upon him well ;
 he's a personable fellow, of a Christian dog. Now I
 think you are fitted for a gardener. Ha, what say'st thou,
 Johayma ?

Job. He may make a shift to sow lettuce, raise melons,
 and water a garden-plat ; ' but otherwise, a very filthy
 ' fellow.

‘ fellow. How odiously he smells of his country garlick!—Fugh, how he stinks of Spain!’

Muf. Why, honey-bird, I bought him on purpose for thee. Didst thou not say thou long’dst for a Christian slave?

Job. Ay, but ‘ the sight of that loathsome creature has almost cured me; and’ how can I tell that he’s a Christian? ‘ An he were well searched, he may prove a Jew,’ ‘ for ought I know.’ And besides, I have always longed for an eunuch; for they say that’s a civil creature, and almost as harmless as yourself, husband. Speak, fellow, are not you such a kind of peaceable thing?

Ant. I never was taken for one in my own country; and not very peaceable neither, when I am well provoked.

‘ *Muf.* To your occupation, dog; bind up the jessamines in yonder arbour, and handle your pruning-knife with dexterity; tightly, I say, go tightly to your business. You have cost me much, and must earn it in your work: here’s plentiful provision for you, rascal, salading in the garden, and water in the tanck, and, on holydays, the licking of a platter of rice, when you deserve it.’

Job. What have you been bred up to, firrah? And what can you perform, to recommend you to my service?

Ant. [*Making legs.*] Why, Madam, I can perform as much as any man, in a fair lady’s service. I can play upon the flute, and sing; I can carry an umbrella, and fan your ladyship, and cool you when you are too hot; in fine, no service, either by day or by night, shall come amiss to me; and besides, am of so quick an apprehension, that you need but wink upon me at any time, to make me understand my duty. [*She winks at him.*] ‘ Very fine; she has tipt the wink already. [*Aside.*

‘ *Job.* The whelp may come to something in time, when I have entered him into his business.

‘ *Muf.* A very malapert cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his fawning. You must be taught your distance, firrah. [*Strikes him.*

‘ *Job.* Hold, hold—He has deserved it, I confess; but, for once, let his ignorance plead his pardon; we must not discourage a beginner. Your reverence has taught

E

‘ us

' us charity, even to birds and beasts. Here, you filthy
' brute you, take this little alms to buy you plaisters.

' [*Gives him a piece of money.*

' *Ant.* Money, and a love-pinch in the inside of my
' palm into the bargain ! [*Afide.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Benducar is coming to wait on you,
and is already at the palace-gate.

Muf. Come in, Johayma; regulate the rest of my
wives and concubines, and leave this fellow to his work.

' *Job.* How stupidly he stares about him, like a calf
' new come into the world ! I shall teach you, firrah, to
' know your business a little better—This way, you
' awkward rascal ; here lies the harbour : must I be shew-
' ing you eternally ? [*Turning him about.*

' *Muf.* Come away, minion ; you shall shew him no
' thing.

' *Job.* I'll bring him into the harbour, where a rose-
' tree and a myrtle-tree are just falling, for want of a
' prop : if they were bound together, they would help to
' keep up one another. He's a raw gardener ; and 'tis
' but charity to teach him.

' *Muf.* No more deeds of charity to-day. Come in,
' or I shall think you a little better disposed than I could
' wish you.

' *Job.* Well, go before ; I will follow my pastor.

' *Muf.* So, you may cast a sheep's eye behind you.
' In before me.' And you, sauciness, mind your pruning-
knife ; or I may chance to use it for you.

[*Exeunt Musti and Johayma.*

Ant. I thank you for that ; but I am in no such haste
to be made a Mussulman. For his wedlock, for all her
haughtiness, I find her coming. How far a Christian
should resist, I partly know ; but how far a lewd young
Christian can resist, is another question. ' She's tolerable,
' and I am a poor stranger, far from better friends, and
' in a bodily necessity.' Now have I a strange tempta-
tion to try what other females are belonging to this fami-
ly—I am not far from the women's apartment, I am sure ;
and if these birds are within distance, here's that will
shackle them together. [*Pulls out his flute.*] ' If there
be variety of Moor's flesh in this holy market, 'twere
' madness

DON SEBASTIAN.

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‘ madness to lay out all my money upon the first bargain.
[*He plays. A grate opens, and Morayma, the Musti's daughter, appears at it.*]—Ay, there's an apparition!
This is a morsel worthy of a Musti; ‘ this is a relishing
‘ bit in secret; this is the mystery of his Alcoran, that
‘ must be reserved from the knowledge of the profane
‘ vulgar;’ this is the holiday devotion. See, she beckons
too. [*She beckons to him.*]

Mor. Come a little nearer, and speak softly.

Ant. I come, I come; I warrant thee, the least twinkle
had brought me to thee: such another kind syllable or
two, would turn me to a meteor, and draw me up to
thee.

Mor. I dare not speak, for fear of being overheard;
but if you think my person worth your hazard, and can
deserve my love—the rest this note shall tell you—
‘ [*Throws down a handkerchief.*]’ No more; my heart
goes with you. [*Exit from the grate.*]

Ant. ‘ Oh, thou pretty little heart! art thou flown
‘ hither? I’ll keep it warm, I warrant it, and brood upon
‘ it in the new nest. But now upon my treasure trove,
‘ that’s wrapped up in the handkerchief--No peeping here;
‘ tho’ I long to be spelling her Arabic scrawls and pot-
‘ hooks—But I must carry off my prize, as robbers do,
‘ and not think of sharing the booty, before I am free
‘ from danger, and out of eye-shot from the other win-
‘ dows.’ If her wit be as poignant as her eyes, I am a
double slave. Our northern beauties are mere dough to
these; insipid white earth, mere tobacco-pipe clay; with
no more soul and motion in them, than a fly in winter.

Here the warm planet ripens and sublimes

The well-bak’d beauties of the southern climes:

Our Cupid’s but a bungler in his trade;

His keenest arrows are in Afric made.

[*Exit.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Terrace-walk, or some other publick Place in the Castle of Alcazar.*

Enter the Emperor, and Benducar.

EMPEROR.

MARRY'D! I'll not believe it; 'tis imposture;
'Improbable they should presume t' attempt;
'Impossible they should effect their wish.'

Ben. Have patience, till I clear it.

Emp. I have none:

Go bid our moving plains of sand lie still,
'And stir not, when the stormy south blows high.
'From top to bottom thou hast toss'd my soul;
'And now 'tis in the madness of the whirl,
'Requir'st a sudden stop. Unsay thy lie,
'That may, in time, do somewhat.

'*Ben.* I have done;

'For, since it pleases you it should be forg'd,
'Tis fit it should. Far be it from your slave,
'To raise disturbance in your sacred breast.

'*Emp.* Sebastian is my slave as well as thou;

'Nor durst offend my love by that presumption:

'*Ben.* Most sure he ought not.

'*Emp.* Then all means are wanting;

'No priest, no ceremonies of their sex:

'Or, grant we these defects could be supply'd,

'How could our prophet do an act so base,

'So to resume his gifts, and curse my conquests,

'By making me unhappy.' No, the slave

That told thee so absurd a story, lied.

Ben. Yet till this moment I have found him faithful:
He said he saw it too.

Emp. Dispatch; what saw he?

Ben. 'Truth is, considering with what earnestness

'Sebastian pleaded for Almeyda's life,

'Inhanc'd her beauty, dwelt upon her praise——

'*Emp.* Oh, stupid and unthinking as I was!

'I might have mark'd it too; 'twas gross and palpable.

'*Ben.* Methought I trac'd a love but ill disguis'd;

'And sent my spy, a sharp observing slave,

'T' in-

T' inform me better, if I guess'd aright.
He told me, that he saw Sebastian's page
Run cross the marble square, who soon return'd,
And after him there lagg'd a puffing friar;
Close wrapp'd he bore some secret instrument
Of Christian superstition in his hand.
My servant follow'd fast, and, thro' a chink,
Perceiv'd the royal captives hand in hand,
And heard the hooded father mumbling charms,
That make those misbelievers man and wife;
Which done, the spouses kiss'd with such a fervour,
And gave such furious earnest of their flames,
That their eyes sparkled, and their mantling blood
Flew flushing o'er their faces. *You may guess the rest.*

Emp. Hell confound them!

Ben. The reverend father, with a holy leer,
Saw he might well be spar'd, and soon withdrew:
This forc'd my servant to a quick retreat,
For fear to be discover'd. *Guess the rest.*

Emp. I do. My fancy is too exquisite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd blifs.
Some earthquake should have risen, and rent the ground,
Have swallow'd him, and left the longing bride
In agony of unaccomplish'd love. *[Walks disorderly.]*

Enter the Mufti.

Ben. In an unlucky hour *[Aside.]*
That fool intrudes, raw in this great affair,
And uninstructed how to stem the tide.

[Coming up to the Mufti aside.]

The Emp'ror must not marry, nor enjoy;
Keep to that point, stand firm; for all's at stake.

Emp. *[Seeing him.]* You druggerman of Heav'n, must
I attend

Your droaning prayers? Why came ye not before?
Dost thou not know the captive King has dar'd
To wed Almeyda? Cancel me that marriage,
And make her mine. About thy business, quick;
Expound thy Mahomet, make him speak my sense,
Or he's no prophet here, and thou no Mufti,
'Unless thou know'st the trick of thy vocation,

'To wrest and rend the law to please thy prince.'

Muf. Why, verily, the law is monstrous plain:

There's not one doubtful text in all the Alcoran,
Which can be wrench'd in favour to your project.

Emp. Forge one, and foist it into some bye-place
Of some old rotten roll : do't, I command thee :
Must I teach thee thy trade ?

Muf. It cannot be ;
For matrimony being the dearest point
Of law, the people have it all by heart :
A cheat on procreation will not pass.
' Besides, th' offence is so exorbitant, [*In a higher tone.*
' To mingle with a misbelieving race,
' That speedy vengeance would pursue your crime,
' And holy Mahomet launch himself from Heav'n
' Before th' unready thunderbolt were form'd.'

Emp. [*Taking him by the throat with one hand, snatching
out his sword with the other, and pointing it to his breast.*]
Slave ! have I rais'd thee to this pomp and pow'r,
To preach against my will ? Know, I am law ;
And thou not Mahomet's messenger, but mine :
Make it, I charge thee, make my pleasures lawful ;
' Or first I'll strip thee of thy ghostly greatness,
' Then send thee post to tell thy tale above,
' And bring thy vain memorials to thy prophet,
' Of justice done below for disobedience.'

Muf. For Heaven's sake hold ; the respite of a moment,
To think for you——

Emp. And for thyself——

Muf. For both.

Ben. Disgrace, and death, and avarice have lost him !

Muf. 'Tis true, our law forbids to wed a Christian ;
But it forbids you not to ravish her.
You have a conqueror's right upon your slave :
And then, the more despite you do a Christian,
You serve the prophet more, who loaths that sect.

Emp. Oh, now it mends, and you talk reason, Musti !
But stay ; I promis'd freedom to Sebastian ;
Now, should I grant it, his revengeful soul
Would ne'er forgive his violated bed.

Muf. Kill him ; for then you give him liberty :
His soul is from his earthly prison freed.

Emp.

Emp. How happy is the prince who has a churchman.
So learn'd and pliant to expound his laws!

Ben. Two things I humbly offer to your prudence.

Emp. Be brief; but let not either thwart my love.

Ben. First, since our holy man has made rape lawful,
Fright her with that; proceed not yet to force:
Why should you pluck the green distasteful fruit
From the unwilling bough,
When it may ripen of itself, and fall?

Emp. Grant her a day; tho' that's too much to give
Out of a life which I devote to love.

Ben. Then next, to bar
All future hopes of her desir'd Sebastian;
Let Dorax be enjoin'd to bring his head.

Emp. [*To the Mufti.*] Go, Mufti, call him to receive
his orders. [*Exit Mufti.*]

' I taste thy counfel; her desires, new rous'd,
' And yet unflak'd, will kindle in her fancy,
' And make her eager to renew the feast.'

Ben. [*Aside.*] Dorax, I know before, will disobey;
There's a foe's head well cropp'd——
But this hot love precipitates my plot,
And brings it to projection ere its time.

*Enter Sebastian and Almeyda, hand in hand; upon sight
of the Emperor they separate, and seem disturbed.*

Alm. He breaks at unawares upon our walks;
And, like a midnight wolf, invades the fold.

' Make speedy preparation of your soul,
' And bid it arm apace. He comes for answer;
' And brutal mischief sits upon his brow.'

Seb. Not the last sounding could surprise me more,
' That summons drousy mortals to their doom:
' When call'd in haste, they fumble for their limbs,
' And tremble, unprovided for their charge.
' My sense has been so deeply plung'd in joys,
' The soul out-slept her hour; and, scarce awake,
' Would think, too late, and cannot. But brave minds,
' At worst, can dare their fate.'

Emp. [*Coming up to them.*] Have you perform'd
Your embassy, and treated with success?

Seb. I had not time.

Emp.

Emp. No, not for my affairs ;
But for your own too much.

Seb. You talk in clouds. Explain your meaning, Sir.

Emp. Explain yours first. What meant you hand in
And when you saw me, with a guilty start, [hand ;
You loos'd your hold, affrighted at my presence ?

Seb. Affrighted !

Emp. Yes, astonish'd and confounded.

Seb. What mak'st thou of thyself, and what of me ?

'Art thou some ghost, some dæmon, or some god,'

That I should stand astonish'd at thy sight ?

If thou couldst deem so meanly of my courage,

Why didst thou not engage me man for man,

And try the virtue of that Gorgon face,

To stare me into statue ?

Emp. Oh, thou art now recover'd ! but, by Heav'n,

Thou wert amaz'd at first, as if surpriz'd

At unexpected baseness brought to light :

For, know, ungrateful man, that kings, like gods,

Are every where ; walk in th'abyss of minds,

And view the dark recesses of the soul.

Seb. Base and ungrateful never was I thought ;

Nor, till this turn of fate, durst thou have call'd me.

But, since thou boast'st th' omniscience of a god,

Say, in what cranny of Sebastian's soul,

Unknown to me, so loath'd a crime is lodg'd ?

Emp. Thou hast not broke my trust repos'd in thee ?

Seb. Impos'd, but not receiv'd. Take back that falshood.

Emp. Thou art not marry'd to Almeyda ?

Seb. Yes.

Emp. And own'st the usurpation of my love ?

Seb. I own it, in the face of Heav'n, and thee ;

No usurpation, but a lawful claim,

Of which I stand possess'd.

Emp. Sh' has chosen well,

Betwixt a captive and a conqueror.

Alm. Betwixt a monster and the best of men.

'He was the envy of his neighb'ring kings ;

'For him their fighting queens despis'd their lords,

'And virgin daughters blush'd when he was nam'd.'

To share his noble chanis is more to me,

Than all the savage greatness of thy throne.

Seb.

Seb. Were I to chuse again, and knew my fate,
For such a night, I would be what I am.
The joys I have possess'd are ever mine;
Out of thy reach, behind eternity,
Hid in the sacred treasure of the past;
But bless'd remembrance brings them hourly back.

Emp. Hourly indeed, who hast but hours to live!
Oh, mighty purchase of a boasted bliss!
To dream of what thou hadst one fugitive night,
And never shalt have more.

' *Seb.* Barbarian, thou canst part us but a moment—
' We shall be one again in thy despite.
' Life is but air,
' That yields a passage to the whistling sword,
' And closes when 'tis gone.

' *Alm.* How can we better die, than close embrac'd,
' Sucking each others souls while we expire;
' Which, so transfus'd, and mounting both at once,
' The faints, deceiv'd, shall by a sweet mistake,
' Hand up thy soul for mine, and mine for thine.

' *Emp.* No, I'll untwist you;
' I have occasion for your stay on earth:
' Let him mount first, and beat upon the wing,
' And wait an age for what I here detain;
' Or sicken at immortal joys above,
' And languish for the Heav'n he left below.' [join'd ?

Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has

Emp. Not break the chain; but change a rotten link,
And rivet one to last.

Think'st thou I come to argue right and wrong?
Why lingers Dorax thus? Where are my guards,

[*Benducar goes out for the guards, and returns.*

To drag that slave to death? [Pointing to Sebastian.

Now storm and rage;
Call vainly on thy prophet, then defy him,
For wanting power to save thee.

Seb. That were to gratify thy pride. I'll shew thee
How a man should, and how a king dare die:
So even, that my soul shall walk with ease
Out of its flesh, and shut out life as calmly
As it does words; without a sigh to note
One struggle in the smooth dissolving frame.

Alm.

Alm. [*To the Emp.*] Expect revenge from Heav'n, inhu-
Nor hope t' ascend Sebastian's holy bed. [man wretch!
Flames, daggers, poisons, guard the sacred steps;
Those are the promis'd pleasures of my love.

Emp. And these might fright another, but not me :
Or me, if I design, to give you pleasure.
I seek my own ; and while that lasts, you live.

Enter two of the guards.

Go, bear the captive to a speedy death,
And set my soul at ease.

Alm. I charge you, hold, ye ministers of death !
Speak, my Sebastian,
Plead for thy life ; Oh, ask it of the tyrant !
'Tis no dishonour ; trust me, love, 'tis none.
I would die for thee, but I cannot plead :
My haughty heart disdains it, ev'n for thee.
Still silent ! Will the King of Portugal
Go to his death like a dumb sacrifice ?
Beg him to save my life, in saving thine.

Seb. Farewel ; my life's not worth another word.

Emp. [*To the guards.*] Perform your orders.

Alm. Stay, take my farewell too.

Farewel the greatness of Almeyda's soul !

Look, tyrant, what excess of love can do ;
It pulls me down, thus low, as to thy feet ; [*Kneels to him.*
Nay, to embrace thy knees with loathing hands,
Which blister when they touch thee. Yet ev'n thus,
Thus far I can, to save Sebastian's life.

Emp. A secret pleasure trickles through my veins ;
It works about the inlets of my soul,
To feel thy touch ; and pity tempts the pangs :
But the tough metal of my heart resists ;
'Tis warm'd with the soft fire, not melted down.

Alm. A flood of scalding tears will make it run.

' Spare him, Oh, spare ! Can you pretend to love,

' And have no pity ? Love and that are twins.

' Here will I grow ;

' Thus compass you with these supplanting cords,

' And pull so long till the proud fabric falls.'

Emp. Still kneel, and still embrace ; 'tis double pleasure
So to be hugg'd, and see Sebastian die.

Alm. Look, tyrant, when thou nam'st Sebastian's death,
Thy

Thy very executioners turn pale.
 Rough as they are, and harden'd in their trade
 Of death, they start at an anointed head,
 And tremble to approach——He hears me not,
 ' Nor minds th' impresson of a god on kings ;
 ' Because no stamp of Heav'n was on his soul ;
 ' But the resisting mass drove back the seal.
 ' Say, tho' thy heart be rock of adamant,
 ' Yet rocks are not impregnable to bribes :
 ' Instruct me how to bribe thee—Name thy price ;'
 Lo, I resign my title to the crown ;
 Send me to exile with the man I love,
 And banishment is empire.

Emp. ' Here's my claim ;

[Clapping his hand to his sword.]

' And this extinguish'd thine—thou giv'st me nothing.
 ' *Alm.* My father's, mother's, brother's deaths I pardon ;
 ' That's somewhat, sure ; a mighty sum of murder,
 ' Of innocent and kindred blood struck off.
 ' My prayers and penance shall discount for these,
 ' And beg of Heav'n to charge the bill on me.
 ' Behold what price I offer, and how dear,
 ' To buy Sebastian's life.

Emp. Let after-reck'nings trouble fearful fools ;
 ' I'll stand the trial of those trivial crimes.
 ' But, since thou begg'st me to prescribe my terms,
 ' The only I can offer are thy love ;
 ' And this one day of respite to resolve.'
 Grant or deny ; for thy next word is fate,
 And fate is deaf to pray'r.

Alm. May Heav'n be so,

[Rising up.]

At thy last breath, to thine. ' I curse thee not ;
 ' For who can better curse the plague or devil,
 ' Than to be what they are ? That curse be thine.'
 Now, do not speak, Sebastian ; for you need not :
 But die ; for I resign your life. Look, Heav'n,
 Almeyda dooms her dear Sebastian's death !
 ' But is there Heav'n ? For I begin to doubt :
 ' The skies are hush'd, no grumbling thunders roll,
 ' Now take your swing, ye impious ; sin unpunish'd,
 ' Eternal Providence seems over-watch'd,
 ' And with a slumb'ring nod assents to murder.'

Enter

Enter Dorax, attended by three soldiers.

Emp. Thou mov'st a tortoise-pace to my relief,
Take hence that once-a-king, that sullen pride
That swells to dumbness, lay him in the dungeon,
And sink him deep with irons; 'that, when he would,
'He shall not groan to hearing. When I send,'
The next commands are death.

Alm. Then prayers are vain as curses.

Emp. Much at one

In a slave's mouth, against a monarch's pow'r.
This day thou hast to think;
At night, if thou wilt curse, thou shalt curse kindly.
'Then I'll provoke thy lips, lay siege so close,
'That all thy fallying breath shall turn to blessings.'
Make haste, seize, force her, bear her hence.

Alm. Farewel, my lost Sebastian!

I do not beg, I challenge justice now.
Oh, Pow'rs! if kings be your peculiar care,
Why plays this wretch with your prerogative?
Now flash him dead, now crumble him to ashes;
'Or henceforth live confin'd in your own palace,
'And look not idly out upon a world
'That is no longer yours.'

*[She is carried off struggling: Emp. and Ben. follow.
Sebastian struggles in his Guards arms, and shakes off one
of them; but two others come in and hold him; he speaks
not all the while.]*

Dor. I find I'm but a half-strain'd villain yet; *[Aside.]*
But mongrel-mischievous; for my blood boil'd
To view this brutal act, and my stern soul
Tugg'd at my arm to draw in her defence.
Down thou rebelling Christian in my heart;
Redeem thy fame on this Sebastian first; *[Walks a turn.]*
Then think on others wrongs, when thine are righted.
But how to right them? On a slave, disarm'd,
Defenceless, and submitted to my rage?
A base revenge is vengeance on myself — *[Walks again.]*
I have it — and I thank thee, honest head,
Thus present to me at my great necessity —

[Comes up to Sebastian.]

You know me not?

Seb. I hear men call thee Dorax.

Dor.

Dor. 'Tis well; you know enough for once; you speak,
You were struck mute before. [too:

Seb. Silence became me then.

Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.

Seb. Hereafter is not mine——
Dispatch thy work, good executioner. [falsehood

Dor. None of my blood were hangmen. Add that
To a long bill that yet remains unreckoned.

Seb. A king and thou can never have a reck'ning.

Dor. A greater sum, perhaps, than you can pay.
Mean time, I shall make bold t' increase your debt.

[Gives him his sword.

Take this, and use it at your greatest need.

Seb. This hand and this have been acquainted well.
[Looks on it.] It should have come before into my grasp,
To kill the ravisher.

Dor. Thou heard'st the tyrant's orders; guard thy life,
When 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a man.

Seb. I'm still without thy meaning; but I thank thee.

Dor. Thank me when I ask thanks; thank me with

Seb. Such furlly kindness did I never see. [thar.

Dor. [To the Captain of his Guards.] Muza, draw out
a file, pick man by man,

Such who dare die, and dear will sell their deaths.

Guard him to th' utmost——Now, conduct him hence,
And treat him as my person.

Seb. Something like
That voice, methinks, I should have somewhere heard;
But floods of woes have hurry'd it far off,
Beyond my ken of soul. [Exit Seb. with the soldiers.

Dor. But I shall bring him back, ungrateful man!
I shall, and set him full before thy sight,
When I shall front thee, like some staring ghost,
With all my wrongs about me——What, so soon
Return'd? This haste is boding.

Enter to him Emperor, Benducar, and Musti.

Emp. She's still inexorable, still imperious,
And loud, as if, like Bacchus, born in thunder.
Be quick, ye false physicians of my mind,
Bring speedy death, or cure.

Ben. What can be counsell'd while Sebastian lives?
The vine will cling, while the tall poplar stands;

6 DON SEBASTIAN.

But that cut down, creeps to the next support,
And twines as closely there.

Emp. That's done with ease; I speak him dead. Proceed.

Muf. Proclaim your marriage with Almeyda next,
That civil wars may cease. This gains the crowd:
Then you may safely force her to your will:

For people side with violence and injustice,
When done for public good.

Emp. Preach thou that doctrine.

Ben. Th' unreasonable fool has broach'd a truth [*Aside.*
That blasts my hopes: but since 'tis gone so far,
He shall divulge Almeyda is a Christian.
If that produce no tumult, I despair.

Emp. Why speaks not Dorax?

Dor. Because my soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly say, you went too far,
To trust the preaching pow'r on state affairs
To him, or any heav'nly demagogue.
'Tis a limb lopp'd from your prerogative;
And so much of Heaven's image blotted from you.

Muf. Sure thou hast never heard of holy men
(So Christians call them) sam'd in state affairs;
Such as in Spain, Ximenes, Albornes,
In England, Wolsey: match me these with laymen.

Dor. How you triumph in one or two of these,
Born to be statesmen, happ'ning to be churchmen!
Thou call'st them holy; so their function was:
But, tell me, Musti, which of them were saints?
Next, Sir, to you; the sum of all is this,
Since he claims pow'r from Heaven, and not from kings,
When 'tis his int'rest, he can int'rest Heav'n
To preach you down; and ages oft depend
On hours, uninterrupted, in the chair.

Emp. I'll trust his preaching, while I rule his pay;
And I dare trust my Africans to hear
Whatever he dare preach.

Dor. You know them not.
The genius of your Moors is mutiny;
They scarcely want a guide to move their madness.
Prompt to rebel on every weak pretence;
Blustering when courted, crouching when oppress'd;
Wise to themselves, and fools to all the world;

• Restless

- * Restless in change, and perjur'd to a proverb;
- * They love religion sweeten'd to the sense;
- * A good, luxurious, palatable faith.
- * Thus Vice and Godliness, prepos't'rous pair!
- * Ride cheek by jowl: but churchmen hold the reins.
- * And whene'er kings would lower clergy greatness,
- * They learn, too late, what power the preachers have,
- * And whose the subjects are. The Musai knows it;
- * Nor dares deny what pass'd betwixt us two.

Emp. No more; whate'er he said was my command.

Dor. Why, then, no more, since you will hear no more.
Some kings are resolute to their own ruin.

Emp. Without your meddling where you are nor ask'd,
Obey your orders, and dispatch Sebastian.

Dor. Trust my revenge; be sure I wish him dead.

Emp. What mean'st thou? What's thy wishing to my
Dispatch him: rid me of the man I loath. [will?]

Dor. I hear you, Sir: I'll take my time, and do't.

Emp. Thy time! what's all thy time? What's thy
To my one hour of ease? No more replies; [whole life,
But see thou dost it; or——

Dor. Cheak in that threat. I can say Or, as loud.

Emp. 'Tis well; I see my words have no effect.
But I may send a message to dispose you. [Is going off.]

Dor. Expect an answer worthy of that message.

Mus. The Prophet ow'd him this: [Aside.]
And, thank'd be Heaven, he has it.

Ben. By holy Alha, I conjure you, stay,
And judge not rashly of so brave a man.

[Draws the Emperor aside, and whispers him.]
I'll give you reasons why he cannot execute
Your orders now, and why he will hereafter.

Mus. Benducar is a fool to bring him off: [Aside.]
I'll work my own revenge, and speedily.

Ben. The fort is his, the soldiers hearts are his;
A thousand Christian slaves are in the castle,
Which he can free to reinforce his pow'r;
Your troops far off, beleaguering Larache,
Yet in the Christian hands.

Emp. I grant all this;
But grant me he must die.

Ben. He shall, by poison;

'Tis here, the deadly drug prepar'd in powder,
Hot as hell fire—then, to prevent his soldiers
From rising to revenge their general's death,
While he is struggling with his mortal pangs,
The rabble on the sudden may be rais'd
To seize the castle.

Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.

Ben. Yet more—but clear your brow; for he observes.

[They whisper again.]

Dor. What, will the fav'rite prop my falling fortunes?
Oh, prodigy of court!

[Aside.]

[Emp. and Ben. return to Dor.]

Emp. Your friend has fully clear'd your innocence;
I was too hasty to condemn unheard;
And you, perhaps, too prompt in your replies.
As far as fits the majesty of kings,
I ask excuse.

Dor. I'm sure I meant it well.

Emp. I know you did—this to our love renew'd.

[Emp. drinks.]

Benducar, fill to Dorax.

[Ben. turns, and mixes a powder in it.]

Dor. Let it go round; for all of us have need
To quench our heats: 'tis the King's health, Benducar,

[He drinks.]

And I would pledge it, tho' I knew 'twere poison.

Ben. Another bowl; for what the King has touch'd,
And you have pledg'd, is sacred to your loves.

[Drinks out of another bowl.]

Mus. Since charity becomes my calling, thus
Let me provoke your friendship: and Heaven bless it,
As I intend it well—

[Drinks, and, turning aside, pours some drops out of a little vial into the bowl, then presents it to Dorax.]

Dor. Heav'n make thee honest:

On that condition we shall soon be friends.

[Drinks.]

Mus. Yes, at our meeting in another world; *[Aside.]*
For thou hast drunk thy passport out of this.

'Not the Nonacrian font, nor Lethe's lake,

'Could sooner numb thy nimble faculties

'Than this, to sleep eternal.'

Emp.

Emp. Now, farewell, Dorax; this was our first quarrel;
And I dare prophecy, will prove our last.

[*Exit Emp. with Ben and the Musti-*

Dor. It may be so — I'm strangely discompos'd;
Quick shootings thro' my limbs, and pricking pains,
Qualms at my heart, convulsions in my nerves,
Shiv'ring of cold, and burnings of my entrails;
Within my little world make medley-war:
Lose, and regain, beat, and are beaten back,
' As momentary victors quit their ground.
' Can it be poison? Poison's of one tenour,
Or hot, or cold; this neither, and yet both.
Some deadly draught, some enemy of life
Boils in my bowels, and works out my soul.
Ingratitude's the growth of every crime;
Afric, the scene remov'd, is Portugal.
Of all court-service learn the common lot;
To-day 'tis done, to-morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh, were that all! — my honest corpse must lie
Expos'd to scorn and public infamy;
My shameful death will be divulg'd alone;
The worth and honour of my soul unknown. [*Exit.*

A NIGHT-SCENE of the Musti's Garden, where an
Arbour is discovered.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. She names herself Morayma, the Musti's only
daughter, and a virgin. This is the time and place that
she appointed in her letter, yet she comes not. 'Why,
' thou sweet, delicious creature, why to torture me with
' thy delay? Dar'st thou be false to thy assignation?
' What, in the cool and silence of the night, and to a
' new lover? Pox on the hypocrite, thy father, for in-
' structing thee so little in the sweetest point of his reli-
' gion. Hark! I hear the rustling of her silk mantle.
' Now she comes! now she comes! — No, hang it, that
' was but the whistling of the wind through the orange-
' trees. Now again, I hear the pit-a-pat of a pretty
' foot thro' the dark alley — No, 'tis the son of a mare
' that's broken loose, and munching upon the melons. —
Oh, the misery of an expecting lover! Well, I'll e'en
despair,

despair, go into my arbour, and try to sleep; in a dream I shall enjoy her in despite of her.

[Goes to the arbour, and lies down.]

Enter Johayma, wrapt up in a Moorish Mantle.

Job. Thus far my love has carried me, almost without my knowledge whither I was going: 'shall I go on, shall I discover myself?—What an injury am I doing to my old husband!—Yet what injury, since he's old and has three wives, and six concubines besides me! 'tis but stealing my own tythe from him.'

[She comes a little nearer the arbour.]

Ant. [Raising himself a little, and looking.] At last 'tis she, this is no illusion I am sure; 'tis a true she-devil of flesh and blood; and she could never have taken a fitter time to tempt me—

Job. He's young and handsome—

Ant. Yes, well enough, I thank nature. [Aside.]

Job. And I am yet neither old nor ugly: sure he will not refuse me.

Ant. No, thou may'st pawn thy maidenhead upon't he wonnot. [Aside.]

Job. The Musti would feast himself upon other women, and keep me fasting.

Ant. Oh, the holy curmudgeon! [Aside.]

Job. Would preach abstinence, and practise luxury; but I thank my stars, I have edified more by his example than his precept.

Ant. Most divinely argued: she's the best casuist in all Afric. [Aside.]

[He rushes out and embraces her.] I can hold no longer from embracing thee, my dear Morayma; 'the old unconfessionable whoreson thy father, could he expect cold chastity from a child of his begetting?'

Job. What nonsense do you talk? Do you take me for the Musti's daughter?

Ant. Why are you not, Madam?

[Throwing off her barnus.]

Job. I find you had an appointment with Morayma.

Ant. By all that's good, the-nauseous wife. [Aside.]

Job. What, you are confounded, and stand mute?

Ant. Somewhat nonplust I confess, to hear you deny your name so positively: why, are not you Morayma,
the

the Musti's daughter? Did not I see you with him, did not he present me to you? 'Were you not so charitable as to give me money? Ay, and to tread upon my foot, and squeeze my hand too, if I may be so bold to remember you of past favours?'

Job. And you see I am come to make them good; but I am neither Morayma nor the Musti's daughter.

Ant. Nay, I know not that: but I am sure he is old enough to be your father; and either father, or reverend father I heard you call him.

Job. Once again, how came you to name Morayma?

Ant. Another damned mistake of mine: for asking one of my fellow-slaves, who were the chief ladies about the house, 'he answered me, Morayma and Johayma; but she, it seems, is his daughter, with a pox to her, and you are his beloved wife.'

Job. 'Say your beloved mistress, if you please; for that's the title I desire.' This moon-shine grows offensive to my eyes: come, shall we walk into the harbour? there we may rectify all mistakes.

Ant. That's close and dark.

Job. And are those faults to lovers?

Ant. But there I cannot please myself with the sight of your beauty.

Job. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant. But there's not a breath of air stirring.

Job. The breath of lovers is the sweetest air; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am considering indeed, that if am taken with you —

Job. The best way to avoid it, is to retire, where we may not be discovered.

Ant. Where lodges your husband?

Job. Just against the face of this open walk.

Ant. Then he has seen us already, for ought I know.

Job. You make so many difficulties, I fear I am displeasing to you.

Ant. [*Aside.*] If Morayma comes, and takes me in the harbour with her, I have made a fine exchange of that diamond for this pebble.

Job. You are much fallen off, let me tell you, from the fury of your first embrace.

Ant.

Ant. I confess, I was somewhat too furious at first, but you will forgive the transport of my passion; now I have considered it better, I have a qualm of conscience.

Job. Of conscience! why, what has conscience to do with two young lovers that have opportunity?

Ant. Why truly, conscience is something to blame for interposing in our matters: but how can I help it, if I have a scruple to betray my master?

Job. There must be something more in't? for your conscience was very quiet when you took me for Morayma.

Ant. I grant you, Madam, when I took you for his daughter; for then I might have made you an honourable amends by marriage.

Job. You, Christians, are such pecking sinners, you tremble at a shadow in the moonshine.

Ant. And you, Africans, are such termagants, you stop at nothing. I must be plain with you, you are married, and to a holy man, the head of your religion. Go back to your chamber, go back, I say, and consider of it for this night; as I will do on my part: I will be true to you; and invent all the arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next meeting, the sweet devil may have more power over me? I am true flesh and blood, I can tell you that for your comfort.

Job. 'Flesh without blood I think thou art; or if any, 'tis as cold as that of fishes.' But I'll teach thee, to thy cost, what vengeance is in store for refusing a lady, who has offered thee her love—Help, help, there! will nobody come to my assistance?

Ant. What do you mean, Madam? for heaven's sake peace; your husband will hear you; think of your own danger, if you will not think of mine.

Job. Ingrateful wretch, thou deservest no pity: help, help, husband, or I shall be ravished: the villain will be too strong for me. Help, help, for pity of a poor distressed creature.

Ant. Then I have nothing but impudence to assist me: I must drown her clamour, whatever comes on't.

[He takes out his flute, and plays as loud as he can possibly, and she continues crying out,

Enter

Enter the Mufti in his night-gown, and two servants.

Muf. Oh, thou villain, what horrible impiety art thou committing? What! ravishing the wife of my bosom? Take him away, ganch him, impale him, rid the world of such a monster. *[Servants seize him.]*

Ant. Mercy, dear master, mercy: hear me first, and after, if I have deserved hanging, spare me not. What have you seen to provoke you to this cruelty?

Muf. I have heard the outcries of my wife; the bleatings of the poor innocent lamb: 'seen nothing sayest thou? If I see the lamb lie bleeding, and the butcher by her with his knife drawn, and bloody,' is not that evidence sufficient of the murder? I come too late, and the execution is already done.

Ant. Pray think in reason, Sir, is a man to be put to death for a similitude? 'No violence has been committed; none intended: the lamb's alive; and if I durst tell you so, no more a lamb than I am a butcher.'

Job. How's that, villain, darest thou accuse me?

Ant. Be patient, Madam, and speak but truth, and I'll do any thing to serve you: 'I say again, and swear it too, I'll do any thing to serve you.'

Job. *[Aside.]* I understand him; but, I fear, 'tis now too late to save him.—Pray hear him speak, husband; perhaps he may say something for himself; I know not.

Muf. Speak thou, has he not violated my bed, and thy honour?

Job. I forgive him freely, for he has done nothing. What he will do hereafter, to make me satisfaction, himself best knows.

Ant. Any thing, any thing, sweet Madam: I shall refuse no drudgery.

Muf. But did he mean no mischief? Was he endeavouring nothing?

Job. In my conscience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Muf. 'Tis impossible; then what meant all these outcries?

Job. I heard music in the garden, and at an unseasonable time of night, and I stole softly out of my bed, as imagining it might be he.

Muf. How's that, Johayma? Imagining it was he, and yet you went?

Job.

Job. Why not, my Lord, am not I the mistress of the family? and is it not my place to see good orders kept in it? I thought he might have allured some of the she-slaves to him; and was resolved to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them: when, on the sudden, he rushed out upon me, caught me in his arms with such a fury—

Muf. I have heard enough, away with him.

Job. Mistaking me, no doubt, for one of his fellow-slaves: with that, affrighted as I was, I discovered myself, and cried aloud: but as soon as ever he knew me, the villain let me go, and I must needs say, he started back, as if I were some serpent; and was more afraid of me than I of him.

Muf. Oh, thou corrupter of my family, that's cause enough of death; once again, away with him.

Job. What, for an intended trespass? No harm has been done, whate'er may be. He cost you five hundred crowns, I take it.

Muf. Thou sayest true, a very considerable sum: he shall not die, though he had committed folly with a slave; 'tis too much to lose by him.

Ant. My only fault has ever been to love playing in the dark, and the more she cried, the more I played; that it might be seen I intended nothing to her.

Muf. To your kennel, firrah, mortify your flesh, and consider in whose family you are.

Job. And one thing more, remember from henceforth to obey better.

Muf. [*Aside.*] For all her smoothness, I am not quite cured of my jealousy; but I have thought of a way that will clear my doubts.

[*Exit Musti with Job. and servants.*]

Ant. I am mortified sufficiently already, without the help of his ghostly counsel. Fear of death has gone farther with me in two minutes, than my conscience would have gone in two months. I find myself in a very dejected condition, all over me; poor sin lies dormant; concupiscence is retired to his winter quarters; and if Morayma should now appear, I say no more, but, alas, for her and me!

[*Morayma comes out of the arbour, she steals behind him, and claps him on the back.*]

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Ant. If I had died honourably, my fame indeed would have sounded loud, but I should never have heard the blast.

'blast. Come, don't make yourself worse-natured than you are ; to save my life, you would be content I should promise any thing.

'*Mor.* Yes, if I were sure you would perform nothing.'

Ant. Can you suspect I would leave you for Johayma ?

Mor. No, but I can expect you would have both of us : love is covetous, I must have all of you ; heart for heart is an equal truck : in short, I am younger ; I think handsomer, and am sure I love you better ; she has been my step-mother these fifteen years ; you think that's her face you see, but 'tis only a daubed vizard : she wears an armour of proof upon't ; an inch thick of paint, besides 'the wash : her face is so fortified, that you can make no approaches to it, without a shovel. But for her constancy, I can tell you for your comfort, she will love till death, I mean till yours ; for when she has worn out, she will certainly dispatch you to another world, for fear of telling tales ; as she has already served three slaves, your predecessors of happy memory in her favours.' She has made my pious father a three-piled cuckold to my knowledge ; and now she would be robbing me of my single sleep too.

Ant. Pr'ythee prevent her then ; and at least take the shearing of me first.

'*Mor.* No, I'll have a butcher's pen'worth of you ; first secure the carcass, and then take the fleece into the bargain.

'*Ant.* Why sure, you did not put yourself and me to all this trouble, for a dry come-off :' by this hand—

[*Taking it.*

Mor. Which you shall never touch, but upon better assurances than you imagine. [*Pulling her hand away.*

Ant. I'll marry thee, and make a Christian of thee, thou pretty damned infidel.

Mor. I mean you shall ; but no earnest, till the bargain be made before witness ; there's love enough to be had, and as much as you can turn you to, never doubt, but all upon honourable terms.

Ant. I vow and swear by Love ; and he's a deity in all religions.

Mor. But never to be trusted in any : he has another name too, of a worse sound. Shall I trust an oath, when I see

I see your eyes languishing, your cheeks flushing, and can hear your heart throbbing? No, I'll not come near you: he's a foolish physician who will feel the pulse of a patient, that has the plague spots upon him.

Ant. Did one ever hear a little moppet argue so perversely against so good a cause! Come, pr'ythee let me anticipate a little of my revenue.

Mor. You would fain be fingering your rents before-hand; but that makes a man an ill husband ever after. Consider, marriage is a painful vocation, as you shall prove it: manage your incomes as thriftily as you can, you shall find a hard task on't to make even at the year's end, and yet to live decently.

Ant. I came with a Christian intention to revenge myself upon thy father, for being the head of a false religion.

Mor. And so you shall; I offer you his daughter for your second: but since you are so pressing, meet me under my window to-morrow night, body for body, about this hour; I'll slip down out of my lodging, and bring my father in my hand.

Ant. How! thy father!

Mor. I mean, all that's good of him; his pearls, and jewels, his whole contents, his heart and soul; as much as ever I can carry! I'll leave him his Alcoran; that's revenue enough for him: every page of it is gold and diamonds. He has the turn of an eye, a demure smile, and a godly cant, that are worth millions to him. I forgot to tell you, that I will have a slave prepared at the postern gate, with two horses ready saddled: no more, for I fear I may be missed; and think I hear them calling for me—if you have constancy and courage—

Ant. Never doubt it: and love in abundance, to wander with thee all the world over.

Mor. The value of twelve hundred thousand crowns in a casket!

Ant. A heavy burden, heaven knows! but we must pray for patience to support it.

Mor. Besides a willing tit that will venture her corps with you:—come, I know you long to have a parting blow with me; and therefore to shew I am in charity—

[He kisses her.]

Ant.

Ant. Once more for pity ; that I may keep the flavour upon my lips till we meet again.

Mor. No : frequent charities make bold beggars : and besides, I have learned of a falconer, never to feed up a hawk when I would have him fly : that's enough——but if you would be nibbling, here's a hand to stay your stomach.

[Kissing her hand.]

Ant. Thus conquered infidels, that wars may cease, Are forc'd to give their hands, and sign the peace.

Mor. Thus Christians are outwitted by the foe ; You had her in your pow'r, and let her go. If you release my hand, the fault's not mine ; You shou'd have made me seal as well as sign.

[She runs off, he follows her to the door ; then comes back again, and goes out at the other.]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, Benducar's Palace in the Castle of Alcazar.

Enter Benducar.

BENDUCAR.

MY future fate, the colour of my life,
My all depends on this important hour :
This hour my lot is weighing in the scales,
And heav'n, perhaps, is doubting what to do.
Almeyda and a crown have push'd me forward :
'Tis fix'd, the tyrant must not ravish her ;
He and Sebastian stand betwixt my hopes ;
He most ; and therefore first to be dispatch'd.
These and a thousand things are to be done
In the short compass of this rowling night,
And nothing yet perform'd,
' None of my emissaries yet return'd.

' Enter Haly, first servant.

' Oh, Haly, thou hast held me long in pain.

' What hast thou learn'd of Dorax ? Is he dead ?

' *Haly.* Two hours I warily have watch'd his palace ;

' All doors are shut, no servant peeps abroad ;

' Some

' Some officers with striding haste pass'd in,
 ' While others outward went on quick dispatch;
 ' Sometimes hush'd silence seem'd to reign within;
 ' Then cries confus'd, and a joint clamour follow'd;
 ' Then lights went gliding by, from room to room,
 ' And shot like thwarting meteors cross the house.
 ' Not daring further to enquire, I came
 ' With speed, to bring you this imperfect news.
 ' *Bend.* Hence I conclude him either dead or dying:
 ' His mournful friends, summon'd to take their leaves,
 ' Are throng'd about his couch, and sit in council.
 ' What those caballing captains may design,
 ' I must prevent, by being first in action.
 ' To Muley Zeydan fly with speed; desire him
 ' To take my last instructions; tell the importance,
 ' And haste his presence here. [*Exit Haly.*]
 ' How has this poison lost its wonted way?
 ' It should have burnt its passage, not have linger'd
 ' In the blind labyrinths and crooked turnings
 ' Of human composition; now it moves
 ' Like a slow fire that works against the wind,
 ' As if his stronger stars had interpos'd.

' *Enter Hamet.*

' Well, Hamet, are our friends the rabble rais'd?
 ' From Mustapha what message?
 ' *Ham.* What you wish:
 ' The streets are thicker in this noon of night,
 ' Than at the mid-day sun: a drouzy horror
 ' Sits on their eyes, like Fear, not well awake:
 ' All croud in heaps, as at a night-alarm
 ' The bees drive out upon each others backs,
 ' T' imbosc their hives in clusters: all ask news:
 ' Their busy captain runs the weary round
 ' To whisper orders, and commanding silence,
 ' Makes not noise cease but deafens it to murmurs.
 ' *Bend.* Night wastes apace: when, when will he ap-
 ' *Ham.* He only waits your summons. [*pear?*]
 ' *Bend.* Haste their coming.
 ' Let secrecy and silence be enjoin'd
 ' In their close march. What news from the lieutenant?
 ' *Ham.* I left him at the gate firm to your interest,
 ' T' admit the townsmen at their first appearance.

G. 2

' *Bend.*

Bend. Thus far 'tis well. Go hasten Mustapha.

[*Exit Hamet.*]

Enter Orchan, the third servant.

- O, Orchan, did I think thy diligence
- Would lag behind the rest? What from the Mufti?
- *Orc.* I sought him round his palace; made enquiry
- Of all the slaves: in short I used your name,
- And urg'd the importance home; but had for answer,
- That since the shut of evening none had seen him.
- *Bend.* O the curst fate of all conspiracies!
- They move on many springs; if one but fail,
- The restiff machine stops—In an ill hour he's absent;
- 'Tis the first time, and sure will be the last
- That e'er a Mufti was not in the way,
- When tumults and rebellion should be broach'd.
- Stay by me: thou art resolute and faithful;
- I have employment worthy of thy arm. [Walks.]

Enter Muley-Zeydan.

M. Zeyd. You see me come impatient of my hopes,
And eager as the courser for the race,
Is all in readiness?

Bend. All but the Mufti.

M. Zeyd. We must go on without him.

Bend. True, we must;

For 'tis ill stopping in the full career,
Howe'er the leap be dangerous and wide.

Orc. [*Looking out.*] I see the blaze of torches from afar;
And hear the trampling of thick-beating feet;
This way they move.

Bend. No doubt, the Emperor.
We must not be surpriz'd in conference.
Trust to my management the tyrant's death;
And haste yourself to join with Mustapha.

- The officer who guards the gate is yours:
 - When you have gain'd that pass, divide your force;
 - Yourself in person head one chosen half,
 - And march t' oppress the faction in consult
 - With dying Dorax: Fate has driven 'em all
 - Into the net: you must be bold and sudden:
 - Spare none, and if you find him struggling yet
 - With pangs of death, trust not his rowling eyes
- And

‘ And heavy gasps ; for poison may be false,
 ‘ The home thrust of a friendly sword is sure.’

M. Zeyd. Doubt not my conduct : they shall be sur-
 Mercy may wait without the gate one night, [priz’d;
 At morn I’ll take her in——

Bend. Here lies your way,
 You meet your brother there.

M. Zeyd. May we ne’er meet :
 For like the twins of Leda, when I mount,
 He gallops down the skies—— [Exit *M. Zeyd.*

Bend. He comes ; now heart
 Be ribb’d with iron for this one attempt ;
 ‘ Set ope thy sluices, send thy vigorous blood
 ‘ Through every active limb for my relief ;’
 Then take thy rest within thy quiet cell,
 For thou shalt drum no more.

Enter Emperor, and guards attending him.

Emp. What news of our affairs, and what of Dorax ?
 Is he no more ? Say that, and make me happy.

Bend. May all your enemies be like that dog,
 Whose parting soul is labouring at the lips.

Emp. The people, are they rais’d ?

Bend. And marshall’d too ;
 Just ready for the march.

Emp. Then I’m at ease.

Bend. The night is yours, the glittering host of Heaven
 Shines but for you ; but most the star of love,
 That twinkles you to fair Almeyda’s bed.
 Oh ! there’s a joy, to melt in her embrace,
 Dissolve in pleasure,
 And make the gods curse immortality,
 That so they could not die.
 But haste and make ’em yours.

Emp. I will ; and yet
 A kind of weight hangs heavy at my heart ;
 My flagging soul flies under her own pitch ;
 Like fowl in air too damp, and lugs along,
 As if she were a body in a body,
 And not a mounting substance made of fire.
 ‘ My senses too are dull and stupify’d,
 ‘ Their edge rebated ;’ sure some ill approaches,

And some kind spirit knocks softly at my soul,
To tell me Fate's at hand.

Bend. Mere fancies all.

' Your soul has been before-hand with your body,
' And drunk so deep a draught of promis'd bliss,
' She slumbers o'er the cup ;' no danger's near,
But of a surfeit at too full a feast.

Emp. It may be so ; ' it looks so like the dream
' That overtook me at my waking hour
' This morn ; and dreams they say are then divine,
' When all the balmy vapours are exhal'd,
' And some q'erpow'ring god continues sleep.
' 'Twas then methought Almeyda, smiling, came
' Attended with a train of all her race,
' Whom in the rage of empire I had murder'd.
' But now, no longer foes, they gave me joy
' Of my new conquest, and with helping hands
' Heav'd me into our holy prophet's arms,
' Who bore me in a purple cloud to Heav'n.

' *Bend.* Good omen, Sir ; I wish you in that heav'n
' Your dreams portend you,
' Which presages death — [Aside.]

' *Emp.* Thou too wert there ;
' And thou methought didst push me from below,
' With thy full force to Paradise.

' *Bend.* Yet better.

' *Emp.* Ha ! what's that grizly fellow that attends thee ?

' *Bend.* Why ask you, Sir ?

' *Emp.* For he was in my dream ;
' And help'd to heave me up.

' *Bend.* With prayers and wishes ;
' For I dare swear him honest.

' *Emp.* That may be ;
' But yet he looks damnation.

' *Bend.* You forget
The face would please you better : do you love,
And can you thus forbear ?

Emp. I'll head my people ;
' Then think of dalliance when the danger's o'er.
' My warlike spirits work now another way ;
' And my soul's tun'd to trumpets.'

Bend. You debase yourself,
To think of mixing with th' ignoble herd.
Let such perform the servile work of war,
Such who have no Almeyda to enjoy.
‘What, shall the people know their god-like prince
‘Skulk’d in a nightly skirmish? Stole a conquest,
‘Headed a rabble, and profan’d his person,
‘Shoulder’d with filth, borne in a tide of ordure;
‘And stifled with their rank offensive sweat?
‘*Emp.* I am off again: I will not prostitute
‘The regal dignity so far, to head ’em.’

Bend. ‘There spoke a king.’
Dismiss your guards to be employ’d elsewhere
In ruder combats: you will want no seconds
‘In those alarms you seek.’

Emp. Go join the crowd. [To the Guards]
Benducar, thou shalt lead ’em in my place. [Ex. Guards]
The god of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul; and my whole heart receives him.
Almeyda now returns with all her charms;
I feel her as she glides along my veins,
And dances in my blood. So when our prophet
Had long been hamm’ring in his lonely cell,
Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,
A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by;
Passing, she cast at him a side-long glance,
And look’d behind in hopes to be pursu’d:
He took the hint, embrac’d the flying fair:
And having found his heav’n, he fix’d it there. [Exit]

Bend. That Paradise thou never shalt possess.
His death is easy now, his guards are gone;
And I can sin but once to seize the throne.
‘All after-acts are sanctify’d by power.

‘*Orc.* Command my sword and life.
‘*Bend.* I thank thee, Orchan,
‘And shall reward thy faith: this master-key
‘Frees every lock, and leads us to his person:
‘And should we miss our blow, as Heav’n forbid,
‘Secures retreat: leave open all behind us;
‘And first set wide the Mufti’s garden gate,
‘Which is his private passage to the palace:
‘For there our mutineers appoint to meet;

‘And

' And thence we may have aid.' Now sleep ye stars,
That silently o'erwatch the fate of kings;
Be all propitious influences barr'd,
And none but murd'rous planets mount the guard.

[*Exeunt.*]

A NIGHT-SCENE of the Mufti's Garden.

Enter the Mufti alone, in a Slave's Habit, like that of Antonio's.

Muf. This 'tis to have a found head-piece; by this I have got to be chief of my religion; that is, honestly speaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe myself. For what's Mahomet to me, but that I get by him? Now for my policy of this night: I have mew'd up my suspected spouse in her chamber. No more embassies to that lusty young stallion of a gard'ner. Next, my habit of a slave; I have made myself as like him as I can, all but his youth and vigour; which when I had, I pass'd my time as well as any of my holy predecessors. Now, walking under the windows of my seraglio—if Johayma look out, she will certainly take me for Antonio, and call to me; and by that I shall know what concupiscence is working in her; she cannot come down to commit iniquity, there's my safety; but if she peep, if she put her nose abroad, there's demonstration of her pious will: and I'll not make the first precedent for a churchman to forgive injuries.

Enter Morayma running to him with a casket in her hand, and embracing him.

Mor. Now I can embrace you with a good conscience; here are the pearls and jewels, here's my father.

Muf. I am indeed thy father; but how the devil didst thou know me in this disguise? And what pearls and jewels dost thou mean?

Mor. [*Going back.*] What have I done, and what will now become of me!

Muf. Art thou mad, Morayma?

Mor. I think you'll make me so.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee? Recollect thyself, and speak sense to me.

Mor. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worst of fathers.

Muf.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten such a monster ?
Proceed, my dutiful child, proceed, proceed.

Mor. You have been raking together a mass of wealth,
by indirect and wicked means : the spoils of orphans
are in these jewels, and the tears of widows in these
pearls.

Muf. Thou amazest me !

Mor. I would do so. This casket is loaded with your
sins ; 'tis the cargo of rapines, simony, and exortions ;
the iniquity of thirty years Mustifhip converted into dia-
monds.

Muf. Would some rich, railing rogue would say as
much to me, that I might squeeze his purse for scan-
dal.

Mor. No, Sir ; you get more by pious fools than
railers, when you insinuate into their families, manage
their fortunes whilst they live, and beggar their heirs
by getting legacies when they die. And do you think
I'll be the receiver of your theft ? I discharge my
conscience of it : here, take again your filthy mam-
mon, and restore it, you had best, to the true owners.

Muf. I am finely documented by my own daughter.

Mor. And a great credit for me to be so. Do but
think how decent a habit you have on, and how be-
coming your function to be disguised like a slave, and
eves-dropping under the women's windows, to be fa-
luted, as you deserve it richly, with a piss-pot. If I
had not known you casually by your shambling gait,
and a certain reverend aukwardness that is natural to
all of your function, here you had been exposed to the
laughter of your own servants ; who have been in
search of you thro' the whole Seraglio, peeping under
every petticoat to find you.

Muf. Pr'ythee, child, reproach me no more of hu-
man failings ; they are but a little of the pitch and
spots of the world that are still sticking on me ; but I
hope to scour 'em out in time : I am better at bottom
than thou thinkest ; I am not the man thou takest me
for.

Mor. No, to my sorrow, Sir, you are not.

Muf. It was a very odd beginning tho' methought,
to see thee come running in upon me with such a warm
embrace :

' embrace: pr'ythee what was the meaning of that violent hot hug?

' *Mor.* I am sure I meant nothing by it, but the zeal and affection which I bear to the man of the world whom I may love lawfully.

' *Muf.* But thou wilt not teach me at this age the nature of a close embrace?

' *Mor.* No indeed: for my mother-in-law complains, you are past teaching: but if you mistook my innocent embrace for sin, I wish heartily it had been given where it should have been more acceptable.

' *Muf.* Why this is as it should be now: take the treasure again, it can never be put into better hands.

' *Mor.* Yes to my knowledge but it might. I have confessed my soul to you, if you can understand me rightly; I never disobeyed you till this night; and now since thro' the violence of my passion, I have been so unfortunate, I humbly beg your pardon, your blessing, and your leave, that upon the first opportunity I may go for ever from your sight; for Heav'n knows, I never desire to see you more.

' *Muf.* [*Wiping his eyes.*] Thou makest me weep at thy unkindness; indeed, dear daughter, we will not part.

' *Mor.* Indeed, dear daddy, but we will.'

Muf. Why, if I have been a little pilfering or so, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it, since it was to make thee rich; and I hope a man may make bold with his own soul, without offence to his own child: here, take the jewels again, take 'em I charge thee upon thy obedience.

Mor. Well then, in virtue of obedience I will take 'em; but on my soul, I had rather they were in a better hand.

Muf. Meaning mine, I know it.

Mor. Meaning his whom I love better than my life.

Muf. That's me again.

Mor. I would have you think so.

Muf. How thy good-nature works upon me; 'well, I can do no less than venture damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the rabble be ordered to raise to-night.'

Enter

Enter Antonio in an African rich habit.

Ant. What do you mean, my dear, to stand talking in this suspicious place, just underneath Johayma's window? [*To the Musti.*] You are well met, comrade, I know you are the friend of our flight; are the horses ready at the Postern Gate;

Muf. Antonio, and in disguise? Now I begin to smell a rat.

Ant. And I another, that out-finks it; false Morayma, hast thou thus betrayed me to thy father?

Mor. Alas! I was betrayed myself: he came disguised like you, and I, poor innocent, ran into his hands!

Muf. In a good time you did so; 'I laid a trap for a bitch-fox, and a worse vermin has caught himself in it:' you would fain break loose now, though you left a limb behind you; but I am yet in my own territories and in call of company, that's my comfort.

Ant. [*Taking him by the throat.*] No; I have a trick left to put thee past thy squeeking: I have given thee the quinzey; that ungracious tongue shall preach no more false doctrine.

Mor. What do you mean? You will not throttle him? Consider he's my father.

Ant. Pr'ythee let us provide first for our own safety: if I do not consider him, he will consider us with a vengeance afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out, but for my sake give him back a little cranny of his windpipe, and some part of speech.

Ant. Not so much as one single interjection. Come away, father-in-law, this is no place for dialogues; when you are in the Mosque you talk by hours, and there no man must interrupt you; this is but like for like, good father-in-law; now I am in the pulpit, 'tis your turn to hold your tongue.' [*He struggles.*] 'Nay, if you will be hanging back, I shall take care you shall hang forward.'

[*Pulls him along the stage with his sword at his reins.*]

Mor. T'other way to the harbour with him; and make haste before we are discovered.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil usage; he deserves not so much favour by any action of his life.

Mor.

' *Mor.* Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your
' mistress.'

Ant. ' I would, if he had not thought more of thy mother than of thee: once more' come along in silence, my Pythagorean father-in-law.

Joh. [*At the balcony.*]——A bird in a cage may peep at least, tho' she must not fly. What bustle's there beneath my window? Antonio, by all my hopes! I know him by his habit; but what makes that woman with him, and a friend, a sword drawn, and hastening hence? This is no time for silence: who's within call there? where are the servants? Why, Omar, Abedin, Hassan, and the rest, make haste and run into the garden; there are thieves and villains; arm all the family, and stop 'em.

Ant. [*Turning back.*] O that screech owl at the window! we shall be pursued immediately; which way shall we take?

Mor. [*Giving him the casket.*] 'Tis impossible to escape them: for the way to our horses lies back again by the house; and then we shall meet 'em full in the teeth. Here, take these jewels; thou mayest leap the walls and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee then, poor kind soul?

Mor. I must take my fortune. ' When you have got safe into your own country, I hope you will bestow a sigh on the memory of her who loved you.

' *Ant.* It makes me mad, to think how many a good night will be lost betwixt us! Take back thy jewels; 'tis an empty casket without thee; besides, I should never leap well with the weight of all thy father's sins about me; thou and they had been a bargain.

' *Mor.* Pr'ythee take 'em, 'twill help me to be revenged on him.

' *Ant.* No; they'll serve to make thy peace with him.

Mor. I hear 'em coming: shift for yourself at least; remember I am yours for ever.

Servants crying, This way, this way, *behind the scenes.*

' *Ant.* And but the empty shadow of myself without thee! Farewel, father-in-law, that should have been,
' if

‘ if I had not been curfed in my mother’s belly—Now,
‘ which way, Fortune?’—

[Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.

Servants. [Within.] Follow, follow! yonder are the
villains.

Ant. Oh, here’s a gate open! but it leads into the
castle; yet I must venture it. [Going out. A shout behind
the scenes.] There’s the rabble in a mutiny—What, is
the devil up at midnight?—However, ’tis good herding
in a crowd. [Runs out.

‘ [Mufti runs to Morayma, and lays hold on her, then
‘ snatches away the casket.

‘ Musf. Now, to do things in order, first I seize upon
‘ the bag, and then upon the baggage: for thou art but
‘ my flesh and blood; but these are my life and soul.

‘ Mor. Then let me follow my flesh and blood, and
‘ keep to yourself your life and soul.

‘ Musf. Both or none—Come away to durance.

‘ Mor. Well, if it must be so, agreed; for I have ano-
‘ ther trick to play you, and thank yourself for what
‘ shall follow.

‘ Enter Servants.

‘ Job. [From above.] One of them took through the
‘ private way into the castle. Follow him, be sure: for
‘ these are yours already.

‘ Mor. Help here, quickly! Omar, Abedin! I have
‘ hold on the villain that stole my jewels; but ’tis a lusty
‘ rogue, and he will prove too strong for me. What,
‘ help, I say! Do you not know your master’s daughter?

‘ Musf. Now, if I cry out, they will know my voice,
‘ and then I am disgraced for ever. Oh, thou art a ve-
‘ nomous cockatrice!

‘ Mor. Of your own begetting. [The Servants seize him.

‘ 1 Serv. What a glorious deliverance have you had,
‘ Madam, from this bloody-minded Christian!

‘ Mor. Give me back my jewels, and carry this noto-
‘ rious malefactor to be punish’d by my father. I’ll hunt
‘ the other dry-foot.

‘ [Takes the jewels, and runs out after Antonio at the same
‘ passage.

‘ 1 Serv. I long to be handselling his hide, before we
‘ bring him to my master.

H

‘ 2 Serv.

2 *Serv.* Hang him for an old covetous hypocrite, he deserves a worse punishment himself, for keeping us so hardly.

1 *Serv.* Ay, would he were in this villain's place: thus would I lay him on, and thus. [*Beats him.*]

2 *Serv.* And thus would I revenge myself of my last beating. [*He beats him too, and then the rest.*]

Muf. Oh, ho, ho!

1 *Serv.* Now, supposing you were the Musti, Sir—

[*Beats him again.*]

Muf. The devil's in that supposing rascal: I can bear no more; and I am the Musti. Now, suppose yourselves my servants, and hold your hands: an anointed halter take you all.

1 *Serv.* My master! You will pardon the excess of our zeal for you, Sir: indeed we all took you for a villain; and so we used you.

Muf. Ay, so I feel you did; my back and sides are abundant testimonies of your zeal. Run, rogues, and bring me back my jewels, and my fugitive daughter: run, I say.

[*They run to the gate, and the first Servant runs back again.*]

1 *Serv.* Sir, the castle is in a most terrible combustion; you may hear them hither.

Muf. 'Tis a laudable commotion: the voice of the mobile is the voice of Heaven. I must retire a little, to strip me of the slave, and to assume the Musti; and then I will return: for the piety of the people must be encouraged, that they may help me to recover my jewels and my daughter. [*Exeunt Musti and Servants.*]

SCENE changes to the Castle-Yard,

And discovers Antonio, Mustapha, and the Rabble shouting.
They come forward.

Ant. And so, at length, as I informed you, I escaped out of his covetous clutches; and now fly to your illustrious feet for my protection.

Muf. Thou shalt have it: and now defy the Musti. 'Tis the first petition that has been made to me since my exaltation to tumult—In this second night of the month Abib, and in the year of the Hegira—the lord knows what year: but 'tis no matter; for when I am settled,

• the learned are always bound to find it out for me ; for
• I am resolved to date my authority over the rabble
• like other monarchs.

Ant. I have always had a longing to be yours again, tho' I could not compass it before : and had designed you a casket of my master's jewels too ; ' for I knew the custom, and would not have appeared before a great person, as you are, without a present ;' but he has defrauded my good intentions, and basely robbed you of them. ' 'Tis a prize worth a million of crowns ; and you carry your letters of marque about you.'

Must. I shall make bold with his treasure, for the support of my new government. [*The people gather about him.*] ' What do these vile raggamuffins so near our person ?' Your favour is offensive to us—Bear back there, and make room for honest men to approach us. These fools and knaves are always impudently crowding next to princes, and keeping off the more deserving—Bear back, I say. [*They make a wider circle.*] That's dutifully done. Now, shout to shew your loyalty. [*A great shout.*] Hear'st thou that, slave Antonio ? These obstreperous villains shout, and know not for what they make a noise. You shall see me manage them, that you may judge what ignorant beasts they are. For whom do you shout now ? Who's to live and reign ? Tell me that, the wisest of you.

1 *Rabble.* Even who you please, Captain.

Must. La you there ! I told you so.

2 *Rabble.* We are not bound to know who is to live and reign ; our business is only to rise upon command, and plunder.

3 *Rabble.* Ay, the richest of both parties ; for they are our enemies.

Must. This last fellow is a little more sensible than the rest ; he has entered somewhat into the merits of the cause.

1 *Rabble.* If a poor man may speak his mind, I think, Captain, that yourself are the fittest to live and reign, ' I mean not over, but next, and immediately under the people :' and thereupon I say, a Mustapha, a Mustapha !

All. A Mustapha, a Mustapha !

Must. I must confess the sound is pleasing, and tickles the ears of my ambition : ' but, alas, good people, it must

‘ not be ! I am contented to be a poor simple viceroy ;
 ‘ but Prince Muley-Zeydan is to be the man—I shall
 ‘ take care to instruct him in the arts of government, and
 ‘ in his duty to us all ; and therefore, mark my cry—A
 ‘ Muley-Zeydan, a Muley-Zeydan !

‘ *All.* A Muley-Zeydan, a Muley-Zeydan !

‘ *Must.* You see, slave Antonio, what I might have
 ‘ been.

‘ *Ant.* I observe your modesty.

‘ *Must.* But for a foolish promise I made once to my
 ‘ Lord Benducar, to set up any one he pleased.’

Re-enter the Musti, with his Servants.

Ant. Here’s the old hypocrite again. Now, stand your
 ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the jewels,
 the rich and glorious jewels ; they are designed to be
 yours by virtue of prerogative.

Must. Let me alone to pick a quarrel ; I have an old
 grudge to him upon thy account.

Muf. [*Making up to the Mobile.*] Good people, here
 you are met together.

1 *Rabble.* Ay, we know that without your telling ; but
 why are we met together, Doctor ? For that’s it which
 nobody here can tell.

2 *Rabble.* Why, to see one another in the dark, and to
 make holiday at midnight.

Muf. You are met, as becomes good Mussulmen, to
 settle the nation ; for I must tell you, that tho’ your ty-
 rant is a lawful emperor, yet your lawful emperor is but a
 tyrant.

Ant. What stuff he talks !

Must. ‘ This is excellent fine matter, indeed, slave An-
 ‘ tonio.’ He has a rare tongue. Oh, he would move a
 rock or elephant !

Ant. [*Aside.*] What a block have I to work upon !
 ‘ But still remember the jewels, Sir, the jewels. [*To him.*

‘ *Must.* Nay that’s true on the other side ; the jewels
 ‘ must be mine ; but he has a pure fine way of talking ;
 ‘ my conscience goes along with him ; but the jewels
 ‘ have set my heart against him.

‘ *Muf.* That your emperor is a tyrant, is most mani-
 ‘ fest ; for you were born to be Turks, but he has played
 ‘ the Turk with you, and is taking your religion away.

‘ 3 *Rabble.*

‘ 2 *Rabble*. We find that in our decay of trade: I
‘ have seen, for these hundred years, that religion and
‘ trade always go together.’

Muf. He is now upon the point of marrying himself,
without your sovereign consent; and what are the effects
of marriage?

3 *Rabble*. A scolding domineering wife, if she prove
honest; and if a whore, a fine gaudy minx, that robs our
counters every night, and then goes out, and spends it
upon our cuckold-makers.

‘ *Muf*. No, the natural effects of marriage are children.
‘ Now, on whom would he beget these children? Even
‘ upon a Christian! Oh, horrible! how can you believe
‘ me, tho’ I am ready to swear it upon the Alcoran? Yes,
‘ true believers, you may believe, that he is going to be-
‘ get a race of misbelievers.

‘ *Muf*. That’s fine, in earnest: I cannot forbear hear-
‘ kening to his enchanting tongue.

‘ *Ant*. But yet remember——

‘ *Muf*. Ay, ay, the jewels—Now again I hate him;
‘ but yet my conscience makes me listen to him.’

Muf. Therefore, to conclude all, believers, pluck up
your hearts, and pluck down the tyrant. ‘ Remember
‘ the courage of your ancestors; remember the majesty
‘ of the people; remember yourselves, your wives and
‘ children; and lastly, above all, remember your religion,
‘ and our holy Mahomet; all these require your timous
‘ assistance; shall I say, they beg it? No, they claim it
‘ of you, by all the nearest and dearest ties of these three
‘ P’s, self-preservation, our property, and our prophet.
‘ Now, answer me with an unanimous, chearful cry, and
‘ follow me, who am your leader, to a glorious deliverance..
[All cry, A Musti, A Musti! and are following him off
the stage.

‘ *Ant*. Now you see what comes of your foolish qualms
‘ of conscience: the jewels are lost, and they are all
‘ leaving you.’

Must. What, am I forsaken of my subjects? Would
the rogue purloin my liege people from me? I charge
you, in my own name, come back, ye deserters, and hear
me speak.

1 *Rabble*. What, will he come with his balderdash, after the Musti's eloquent oration?

2 *Rabble*. He's our Captain, lawfully picked up, and elected upon a stall; we will hear him.

Omnes. Speak, Captain; for we will hear you.

Must. Do you remember the glorious rapines and robberies you have committed; your breaking open and gutting of houses, your rummaging of cellars, 'your demolishing of Christian temples, and bearing off in triumph the superstitious plate and pictures, the ornaments of their wicked altars, when all rich moveables were sentenced for idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous was seized? Answer first for your remembrance of all these sweetnesses of mutiny; for upon those grounds I shall proceed.'

Omnes. Yes, we do remember, we do remember.

Must. Then make much of your retentive faculties. And who led you to those honey-combs? Your Musti? No, believers, he only preached you up to it, but durst not lead you; he was but your counsellor, but I was your captain; he only loo'd you, but 'twas I that led you.

Omnes. That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his figures.

Must. I think I was, slave Antonio. Alas, I was ignorant of my own talent!—Say, then, believers, will you have a Captain for your Musti, or a Musti for your Captain? And further, to instruct you how to cry, will you have a Musti, or no Musti?

Omnes. No, Musti, no Musti.

Must. That I laid in for them, slave Antonio—Do I then spit upon your faces? Do I discourage rebellion, mutiny, rapine, and plundering? You may think I do, believers; but, Heaven forbid! No, I encourage you to all these laudable undertakings; you shall plunder, you shall pull down the government; but you shall do this upon my authority, and not by his wicked instigation.

3 *Rabble*. Nay, when his turn is served, he may preach up loyalty again, and restitution, that he might have another snack among us.

1 *Rabble*. He may, indeed; for 'tis but his saying 'tis sin, and then we must restore; and therefore I would

would have a new religion, where half the commandments should be taken away, the rest mollified, and there should be little or no sin remaining.

Omnes. Another religion, a new religion, another religion.

Must. And that may easily be done, with the help of a little inspiration; for I must tell you I have a pigeon at home, of Mahomet's own breed; and when I have learned her to pick pease out of my ear, rest satisfied till then, and you shall have another. But now I think on't, I am inspired already, that 'tis no sin to depose the Musti.

Ant. And good reason; for when kings and queens are to be discarded, what should knaves do any longer in the pack?

Omnes. He is deposed, he is deposed, he is deposed!

Must. Nay, if he and his clergy will needs be preaching up rebellion, and giving us their blessing, 'tis but justice they should have the first-fruits of it—Slave Antonio, take him into custody; and, dost thou hear, boy? be sure to secure the little transitory box of jewels—If he be obstinate, put a civil question to him upon the rack, and he squeaks, I warrant him.

Ant. [Seizing the Musti.] Come, my quondam master; you and I must change qualities.

Must. I hope you will not be so barbarous to torture me; we may preach suffering to others; but, alas, holy flesh is too well pampered to endure martyrdom!

Must. Now, late Musti, not forgetting my first quarrel to you, we will enter ourselves with the plunder of your palace. 'Tis good to sanctify a work, and begin a God's name.

L. Rabble. Our prophet let the devil alone with the last mob.

Mob. But he takes care of this himself.

As they are going out, enter Benducar leading Almeyda; he with a sword in one hand; Benducar's slave follows, with Muley-Moluch's head upon a spear.

Must. 'Not so much haste, masters; come back again. You are so bent upon mischief, that you take a man upon the first word for plunder.' Here's a fight for you! the Emperor is come upon his head to visit you,

[Bowling.]

[*Bowing.*] Most noble Emperor, now I hope you will not hit us in the teeth, that we have pulled you down; for we can tell you to your face, that we have exalted you. [*They all shout.*]

Ben. [*To Almeida, apart.*] Think what I am, and what yourself may be
In being mine: refuse not proffer'd love
That brings a crown.

Alm. [*To him.*] I have resolv'd;
And these shall know my thoughts.

Ben. [*To her.*] On that I build——

[*He comes up to the Rabble.*]

Joy to the people for the tyrant's death!

* Oppression, rapine, banishment, and blood

* Are now no more; but speechless as that tongue,

* That lies for ever still.

* How is my grief divided with my joy,

* When I must own I kill'd him! Bid me speak;

* For not to bid me, is to disallow

* What for your sakes is done.

Must. In the name of the people, we command you speak. But that pretty lady shall speak first; for we have taken somewhat of a liking to her person. Be not afraid, lady, to speak to these rude raggamuffins: there's nothing shall offend you, unless it be their stink, an't please you.

[*Making a leg.*]

Alm. Why should I fear to speak, who am your queen?

My peaceful father sway'd the sceptre long;

And you enjoy'd the blessings of his reign,

While you deserv'd the name of Africans.

Then, not commanded, but commanding you,

Fearless I speak—Know me for what I am.

* Ben. How she assumes! I like not this beginning.

[*Aside.*]

* Alm. I was not born so base to flatter crowds,

* And move your pity by a whining tale.

* Your tyrant would have forc'd me to his bed;

* But in th' attempt of that foul brutal act,

* These loyal slaves secur'd me by his death.

[*Pointing to Ben.*]

* Ben. Makes she no more of me than of a slave! [*Aside.*]

* Madam, I thought I had instructed you [*To Alm.*]

* To

' To frame a speech more suiting to the times :
 ' The circumstances of that dire design,
 ' Your own despair, my unexpected aid,
 ' My life endanger'd by his bold defence,
 ' And after all, his death, and your deliverance;
 ' Were themes that ought not to be slighted o'er.

' *Must.* She might have pass'd over all your petty
 ' businessses, and no great matter—But the raising of my
 ' rabble is an exploit of consequence, and not to be mum-
 ' bled up in silence, for all her pertness.

' *Alm.* When force invades the gift of nature, life,
 ' The eldest law of nature, bids defend ;
 ' And if, in that defence, a tyrant fall,
 ' His death's his crime, not ours.

' Suffices that he's dead ; all wrongs die with him ;
 ' When he can wrong no more, I pardon him :
 ' Thus I absolve myself, and him excuse
 ' Who sav'd my life and honour ; but praise neither.

' *Ben.* 'Tis cheap to pardon whom you would not pay :
 ' But what speak I of payment or reward ?

' Ungrateful woman ! you are yet no queen ;
 ' Nor more than a proud, haughty Christian slave :
 ' As such I seize my right. [*Going to lay hold of her.*]

' *Alm.* [*Drawing a dagger.*] Dare not to approach me.

' Now, Africans,
 ' He shows himself to you ; to me he stood
 ' Confess'd before, and own'd his insolence
 ' T' espouse my person, and assume the crown,
 ' Claim'd in my right. For this he slew your tyrant :
 ' Oh, no, he only chang'd him for a worse ;
 ' Embas'd your slavery by his own vileness,
 ' And loaded you with more ignoble bonds.
 ' Then think me not ungrateful, not to share
 ' Th' imperial crown with a presuming traitor.
 ' He says I am a Christian : true, I am ;
 ' But yet no slave. If Christians can be thought
 ' Unfit to govern those of other faith,
 ' 'Tis left for you to judge.

' *Ben.* I have no patience ; she consumes the time
 ' In idle talk, and owns her false belief.
 ' Seize her by force, and bear her hence unheard.'

Alm.

Alm. [*To the people.*] 'No, let me rather die your sacri-
' Than live his triumph.' [sic]

I throw myself into my people's arms :
As you are men, compassionate my wrongs,
And as good men, protect me.

' *Ant.* Something must be done to save her. — [*Aside*
' *to Must.*] This is all addressed to you, Sir : she singled
' you out with her eye, as commander in chief of the
' mobility.

' *Must.* Think'st thou so, slave Antonio ?

' *Ant.* Most certainly, Sir ; and you cannot in honour
' but protect her. Now, look to your hits, and make
' your fortune.

' *Must.* Methought, indeed, she cast a kind leer to-
' wards me. Our prophet was but just such another
' scoundrel as I am, till he raised himself to power, and
' consequently to holiness, by marrying his master's
' widow. I am resolved I'll put forward for myself ;
' for why should I be my Lord Benducar's fool and slave,
' when I may be my own fool, and his master ?'

Ben. Take her into possession, Mustapha.

Must. That's better counsel than you meant it. Yes,
I do take her into possession, and into protection too —
What say you, masters, will you stand by me ?

Omnes. One and all, one and all !

' *Ben.* Hast thou betray'd me, traitor ? *Musti*, speak,
' And mind them of religion. [*Musti shakes his head.*

' *Must.* Alas, poor gentleman ! he has gotten a cold,
' with a sermon of two hours long, and a prayer of
' four ; and, besides, if he durst speak, mankind is grown
' wiser, at this time of day, than to cut one another's
' throats about religion. Our *Musti*'s is a green coat, and
' the Christian's is a black coat ; and we must wisely go to-
' gether by the ears, whether green or black shall sweep
' our spoils.' [*Drums within, and shouts.*

Ben. Now we shall see whose numbers will prevail :
The conquering troops of Muley-Zeydan come,
To crush rebellion, and espouse my cause.

Must. We will have a fair trial of skill for it, I can
tell him that. When we have dispatched with Muley-
Zeydan, your Lordship shall march in equal proportions
of

of your body, to the four gates of the city, and every tower shall have a quarter of you.

[Antonio draws them up, and takes Alm. by the band. Shouts again, and drums.

Enter Dorax and Sebastian, attended by African Soldiers and Portugueses. Almeyda and Sebastian run into each other's Arms, and both speak together.

Seb. and Alm. My Sebastian ! My Almeyda ?

Alm. Do you then live ?

Seb. And live to love thee ever.

Ben. How ! Dorax and Sebastian still alive !

The Moors and Christians join'd ! I thank thee, prophet.

Dor. The citadel is ours ; and Muley-Zeydan Safe under guard, but as becomes a prince. Lay down your arms : such base plebeian blood Would only stain the brightness of my sword, And blunt it for some nobler work behind.

Mus. I suppose you may put it up without offence to any man here present. For my part, I have been loyal to my sovereign lady ; though that villain, Benducar, and that hypocrite, the Musli, would have corrupted me ; but if those two 'scape public justice, then I, and all my latest honest subjects here, deserve hanging.

Ben. [To Dor.] I'm sure I did my part to poison thee, What saint foe'er has fodder'd thee again : A dose less hot had burst through ribs of iron.

Mus. Not knowing that, I poison'd him once more, And drench'd him with a draught so deadly cold, That, had't not thou prevented, had congeal'd The channel of his blood, and froze him dry.

Ben. Thou interposing fool, to mangle mischief, And think to mend the perfect work of hell.

Dor. Thus, when heav'n pleases, double poisons cure. I will not tax thee of ingratitude

To me thy friend, who hast betray'd thy prince : Death he deserv'd indeed, but not from thee.

But Fate, it seems, reserv'd the worst of men To end the worst of tyrants.

Go, bear him to his fate,

And send him to attend his master's ghost.

Let

Let some secure my other poisoning friend,
Whose double diligence preserv'd my life.

' *Ant.* You are fallen into good hands, father-in-law;
' your sparkling jewels, and Morayma's eyes may prove
' a better bail than you deserve.

' *Muf.* The best that can come of me, in this condi-
' tion, is to have my life begged first, and then to be
' begged for a fool afterwards.

[*Exit Antonio with the Musti, and at the same time
Benducar is carried off.*]

' *Dor.* [*To Must.*] You and your hungry herd depart
' For justice cannot stoop so low, to reach [*untouch'd*;
' The groveling sin of crouds; but curst be they
' Who trust revenge with such mad instruments,
' Whose blindfold business is but to destroy;
' And like the fire commission'd by the winds,
' Begins on sheds, but rowling in a round,
' On palaces returns. Away, ye skum,
' That still rise upmost when the nation boils:
' Ye mongrel work of heav'n, with human shapes,
' Not to be damn'd or sav'd, but breathe and perish,
' That have but just enough of sense, to know
' The master's voice when rated, to depart.

' [*Exeunt Mustapha and rabble.*]

Alm. With gratitude as low, as knees can pay

[*Kneeling to him.*]

To those blest holy fires, our guardian angels,
Receive these thanks; till altars can be rais'd.

Dor. Arise, fair excellence, and pay no thanks,

[*Raising her up.*]

Till time discover what I have deserv'd.

Seb. More than reward can answer.

' If Portugal and Spain were join'd to Africa,
' And the main ocean crusted into land,

If universal monarchy were mine,
Here should the gift be plac'd.

Dor. And from some hands I should refuse that gift:
Be not too prodigal of promises;
But stint your bounty to one only grant,
Which I can ask with honour.

Seb. What I am

Is but thy gift, make what thou canst of me,
Secure of no repulse.

Dor. [*To Seb.*] Dismiss your train.

[*To Alm.*] You, Madam, please one moment to retire.

[*Sebastian signs to the Portugueses to go off: Almeyda bowing to him, goes off also: the Africans follow her.*]

Dor. [*To the Captain of the Guard.*] With you one word in private. [*Goes out with the Captain.*]

Seb. [*Solus.*] Reserv'd behaviour, open nobleness,
A long mysterious track of stern bounty.
But now the hand of Fate is on the curtain,
And draws the scene to fight.

Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his turban, and put on a peruke, hat, and cravat.

Dor. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou should'st be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian:
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself,
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.

Seb. As in a dream

I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?

' Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries

' Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;

' And death should give you back to answer me.

' A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings

' Over these eyes, but ever when they clos'd,

' Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,

' And dry'd the dews they brought.

' The long-expected hour is come at length,

' By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:

' And that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

' *Seb.* I have not yet forgot I am a king;

' Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:

' If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;

' I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

' *Dor.* 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;

' Then though I loath this woman's war of tongues,

Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;

And, Honour, be thou judge.

Seb. ' Honour befriend us both.'

I

Beware,

Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear :

- ‘ I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
- ‘ Is insolent and haughty to superiors :
- ‘ How often hast thou brav’d my peaceful court,
- ‘ Fill’d it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts ;
- ‘ And, with past service, nauseously repeated,
- ‘ Reproach’d ev’n me thy prince ?

Dor. ‘ And well I might, when you forgot reward,
‘ The part of heav’n in kings : for punishment
‘ Is hangman’s work, and drudgery for devils.’
I must, and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant (it irks me so to call my prince)
But just resentment and hard usage coin’d
Th’ unwilling word ; and grating as it is,
Take it, for ’tis thy due.

Seb. How, tyrant !

Dor. Tyrant.

Seb. Traitor ; that name thou can’st not echo back :
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim the traitor :
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, ’tis renegade.

Dor. If I’m a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betray’d me into treason,
Eftac’d my loyalty, unhing’d my faith,
And hurry’d me from hopes of heaven to hell,
‘ All these, and all my yet unfinish’d crimes,
‘ When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
‘ I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.’

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn’d, and know me for thy king.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no more :
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg’d
By sycophants, and fools, the growth of courts ;
Where thy gull’d eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face ;
‘ And the gross flattery of a gaping croud,
‘ Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
‘ The stuff or royal nonsense : when I spoke,’

My

DON SEBASTIAN.

My honest homely words were carp'd, and censur'd,
For want of courtly stile : related actions,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts :
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
' And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites.'
Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.

Seb. ' What say'st thou of Henriquez ?' Now by heav'n,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gaul thee, that I nam'd
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile ; [him,
That woman, but more daub'd ; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman ; thy man mistress.

Seb. All false as hell or thou.

Dor. Yes ; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in these foreign fields :
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st, but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me ;
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest ?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below :
But all th' advantage of that love was thine :
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own,
(For Violante's vows were mine before :)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke ;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.

Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be hop'd ?
' Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
' From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first ?

Seb. He had my promise, ere I knew thy love.

Dor. My services deserv'd thou should'st revoke it.'

Seb. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy service ;
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts ;
Ev'n to my face, and done in my despight,

Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I lov'd !

Dor. Ev'n in the face of heav'n, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man, who, prompt by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love :
But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou should'st make a coward's cause thy own ?

Seb. He durst : nay, more, desir'd and begg'd with tears,
To meet thy challenge fairly : 'twas thy fault
To make it public ; but my duty, then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd.

Seb. Th' indignity thou didst was meant to me :

• Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
• As who should say, the blow was there intended ;
But that thou did'st not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power : — so was I forc'd
To do a fovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself :
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live ;
• And live to hear it boasted to my face,
• All my long avarice of honour lost,
• Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age ;
• Has honour's fountain then suck'd back the stream ?
• He has ; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
• And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour ; give them back —
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it —

Seb. Now by this honour'd order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it —
• Nor shall the sacred character of king
• Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
• If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal :
• The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude ;
Hast thou not charg'd me ? Speak.

Dor.

Dor. Thou know'st I have :
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

Seb. No ; to disprove that lie I must not draw ;
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence :
To fight thee, after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest ?
That Isthmus stands between two rushing seas ;
Which mounting, view each other from afar :
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that Isthmus,
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprove it, for my own revenge :
' I sav'd thee out of honourable malice :'
Now draw ; I should be loth to think thou dar'st not ;
Beware of such another vile excuse.

Seb. Oh, patience, heav'n ?

Dor. Beware of patience too ;
That's a suspicious word : ' it had been proper,
' Before thy foot had spurn'd me ; now 'tis base :
' Yet to disarm thee of thy last defence,'
I have thy oath for my security :
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat :
Fight or be perjur'd now ; that's all thy choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou would'st be thank'd :

[Drawing.]

Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
' The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,
' More gladly enters not the lists of love.
' Why 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.'
Go ; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost ;
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His ghost ! then is my hated rival dead ?

Seb. The question is beside our present purposes ;
Thou seest me ready ; we delay too long.

Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us ; ' throw it in,
' And give it him of us who is to fall.

Seb. He's dead : make haste, and thou may'st yet
o'ertake him.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer.
 ' I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
 ' Into thy promise : ' for thy life preserv'd,
 Be kind ; and tell me how that rival dy'd,
 Whose death next thine I wish'd.

Seb. ' If it would please thee, thou should'st never
 ' But thou, like jealousy, enquir'st a truth, [know :
 ' Which sound will torture thee : he dy'd in fight :
 Fought next my person ; as in comfort fought :
 Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow ;
 Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence ;
 And on his naked side receiv'd my wound :
 Then when he could no more, he fell at once,
 But rowl'd his falling body cross their way ;
 And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death !

Seb. I prophesy'd thy proud soul could not bear it.
 Now judge thyself, who best deserv'd my love.
 I knew you both ; and (durst I say) as heav'n
 Foreknew among the shining angel host
 Who should stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n ;
 And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown ; what is, appears ;
 ' Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
 ' My fortune had been his, and his been mine,
 Oh, worse than hell ! what glory have I lost,
 And what has he acquir'd by such a death !
 I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
 My corps had been the bulwark of my king,
 His glorious end was a patch'd work of Fate,
 Ill sort'd with a soft effeminate life :
 It suited better with my life than his
 So to have dy'd : mine had been of a piece,
 Spent in your service dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
 The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
 And meet his glorious fate : confess, proud spirit,
 (For I will have it from thy very mouth)
 That better he deserv'd my love than thou.

Dor. Oh, whither would you drive me ! I must grant,
 Henriquez

Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
 Henriquez had your love with more desert :
 For you he fought and dy'd ; I fought against you ;
 Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
 Hunted your sacred life ; which that I miss'd
 Was the propitious error of my fate,
 Not of my soul ; my soul's a regicide.

Seb. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name ;
 Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king. [*More calmly.*]
 Speak, did'st thou not, Alonzo ?

Dor. Can I speak !

Alas, I cannot answer to Alonzo :
 No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo :
 Alonzo was too kind a name for me.

' Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
 ' In that blest age I was the man you nam'd :
 ' Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax ;
 ' And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.'

Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.

Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you : there's my grief.

Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst repent :
 Thou couldst not be a villain, though thou wouldst :
 Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast err'd ;
 And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

Dor. Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness :
 It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
 Half drown'd in tears before ; spare my confusion :
 For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.
 For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and shame,
 To throw myself beneath your royal feet.

[*Falls at his feet.*]

Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade :
 'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first,
 But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.

[*Taking him up.*]

Yes, I will raise thee up with better news :
 Thy Violante's heart was ever thine ;
 Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
 Her soul was absent when she gave her hand :
 Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
 Effect the consummation of his love :

So,

So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid.

Dor. Have I been cursing Heav'n, while Heaven blest
me!
I shall run mad with extasy of joy :

What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my king, and to my love !
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez !

Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him ?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms ; [*Embracing him,*
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace :
Be what Henriquez was : be my Alonzo.

Dor. What, my Alonzo, said you ? My Alonzo !
Let my tears thank you ; for I cannot speak ;
And if I could,

Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

Seb. 'Thou can'st not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
Some strange reverse of Fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heav'n to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp, without alloy.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away :
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign ;
But, let my love, and friend, be ever mine. [*Exeunt.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

* The SCENE is a Room of State.

* Enter Dorax and Antonio.

* DORAX.

* JOY is on every face, without a cloud :
As, in the scene of opening Paradise,
The whole creation danc'd at their new being ;
Pleas'd to be what they were ; pleas'd with each other.
Such joy have I, both in myself, and friends ;
And double joy that I have made them happy.

* Antonio.

' *Ant.* Pleasure has been the business of my life;
 ' And every change of fortune easy to me,
 ' Because I still was easy to myself.
 ' The loss of her I lov'd wou'd touch me nearest;
 ' Yet, if I found her, I might love too much,
 ' And that's uneasy pleasure.

' *Dor.* If she be fated
 ' To be your wife, your fate will find her for you:
 ' Predestinated ills are never lost.

' *Ant.* I had forgot
 ' T' enquire before, but long to be inform'd;
 ' How, poison'd and betray'd, and round beset,
 ' You could unwind yourself from all these dangers;
 ' And move so speedily to our relief!

' *Dor.* The double poisons, after a short combat,
 ' Expell'd each other in their civil war,
 ' By nature's benefit; and rous'd my thoughts
 ' To guard that life which now I found attack'd,
 ' I summon'd all my officers in haste,
 ' On whose experienc'd faith I might rely:
 ' All came resolv'd to die in my defence,
 ' Save that one villain who betray'd the gate.
 ' Our diligence prevented the surprize
 ' We justly fear'd: So Muley-Zeydan found us
 ' Drawn up in battle, to receive the charge,

' *Ant.* But how the Moors and Christian slaves were
 ' You have not yet unfolded. [join'd,

' *Dor.* That remains.
 ' We knew their interest was the same with ours:
 ' And though I hated more than death, Sebastian;
 ' I could not see him die by vulgar hands;
 ' But prompted by my angel, or by his,
 ' Freed all the slaves, and plac'd him next myself,
 ' Because I would not have his person known.
 ' I need not tell the rest, th' event declares it.

' *Ant.* Your conquests came of course; their men
 were raw,

' And yours were disciplin'd: one doubt remains,
 ' Why you industriously conceal'd the king,
 ' Who, known, had added courage to his men?
 ' *Dor.* I would not hazard civil broils betwixt
 ' His friends and mine; which might prevent our combat.
 ' Yet, had he fall'n, I had dismiss'd his troops;

' Or,

- ' Or, if victorious, order'd his escape.
 ' But I forgot a new increase of Joy,
 ' To feast him with surprize; I must about it:
 ' Expect my swift return. [Exit Dorax.]

Enter a Servant to Antonio.

Ser. Here's a lady at the door, that bids me tell you, she is come to make an end of the game, that was broken off betwixt you.

Ant. What manner of woman is she? Does she not want two of the four elements? Has she any thing about her but air and fire?

' *Ser.* Truly, she flies about the room, as if she had
 ' wings instead of legs; I believe she's just turning into
 ' a bird: a house-bird, I warrant her: and so hasty to fly
 ' to you, that rather than fail of entrance, she would
 ' come tumbling down the chimney, like a swallow.

Enter Morayma.

Ant. [Running to her, and embracing her.] Look if she be not here already! What, no denial, it seems, will serve your turn? Why, thou little dun, is thy debt so pressing?

Mor. Little devil, if you please: your lease is out, good Mr. Conjurer; and I am come to fetch your soul and body; not an hour of leudness longer in this world for you.

Ant. Where the devil hast thou been? and how the devil didst thou find me here?

Mor. I followed you into the castle-yard: but there was nothing but tumult and confusion; and I was bodily afraid of being picked up by some of the rabble: considering I had a double charge about me——my jewels, and my maiden-head.

Ant. Both of them intended for my worship's sole use and property.

Mor. And what was poor little I among them all?

Ant. Not a mouthful a-piece: 'twas too much odds in conscience.

' *Mor.* So seeking for shelter, I naturally ran to the
 ' old place of affignation, the garden-house; where, for
 ' want of instinct, you did not follow me.

Ant. Well, for thy comfort, I have secured thy father; and, I hope, thou hast secured his effects for us.

Mor.

Mor. Yes, truly, I had the prudent foresight to consider, that when we grow old, and weary of solacing one another, we might have, at least, wherewithal to make merry with the world; and take up with a worse pleasure of eating and drinking, when we were disabled for a better.

Ant. Thy fortune will be even too good for thee: for thou art going into the country of serenades and gallantries; where thy street will be haunted every night with thy foolish lovers, and my rivals; who will be sighing, and singing under thy inexorable windows, lamentable ditties, and call thee cruel, and gods, and moon, and stars, and all the poetical names of wicked rhyme. While thou and I are minding our business, and jogging on, and laughing at them, at leisure minutes; which will be very few, take that by way of threatening.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very valiant, that you huff so much beforehand. But they say, your churches are fine places for love-devotion: many a she saint is there worshipped.

Ant. Temples are there as they are in all other countries, good conveniences for dumb interviews: I hear the Protestants are not much reformed in that point neither; for their sectaries call their churches by the natural name of meeting-houses. Therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of devotion than needs must, good future spouse; and always in a veil; for those eyes of thine are damned enemies to mortification.

Mor. The best thing I have heard of Christendom, is, that we women are allowed the privilege of having souls; and I assure you, I shall make bold to bestow mine upon some lover, whenever you begin to go astray; and if I find no convenience in a church, a private chamber will serve the turn.

Ant. When that day comes, I must take my revenge, and turn gardener again: for, I find, I am much given to planting.

Mor. But take heed in the mean time, that some young Antonio does not spring up in your own family; as false as his father, though of another man's planting.

Re-enter Dorax with Sebastian and Almeyda. Sebastian enters speaking to Dorax, while in the mean time Antonio presents Morayma to Almeyda.

Seb. How fares our royal pris'ner, Muley-Zeydan?

Dor. Dispos'd to grant whatever I desire,
To gain a crown, and freedom: 'well I know him,
'Of easy temper, naturally good,
'And faithful to his word.'

Seb. Yet one thing wants,
To fill the measure of my happiness;
I'm still in pain for poor Alvarez' life.

Dor. Release that fear, the good old man is safe;
I paid his ransom;
And have already order'd his attendance.

Seb. Oh, bid him enter, for I long to see him.

Enter Alvarez with a Servant, who departs when Alvarez is entered.

Alv. Now by my soul, and by these hoary hairs,

[Falling down, and embracing the King's knees.]
I'm so o'er-whelm'd with pleasure, that I feel
A latter spring within my with'ring limbs,
That shoots me out again.

Seb. Thou good old man! *[Raising him.]*
Thou hast deceiv'd me into more, more joys;
Who stood brim-full before.

'Alv. Oh, my dear child!
'I love thee so, I cannot call thee king,
'Whom I so oft have dandled in these arms!
'What, when I gave thee lost, to find thee living!
'Tis like a father who himself had scap'd
'A falling house, and after anxious search,
'Hears from afar, his only son within;
'And digs through rubbish, till he drags him out
'To see the friendly light.
'Such is my haste, so trembling is my joy,
'To draw thee forth from underneath thy fate.'

Seb. The tempest is o'er-blown; the skies are clear,
And the sea charm'd into a calm so still,
That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.

Alv. Just such she shows before a rising storm;
And therefore am I come with timely speed,
To warn you into port.

Alm. My soul forbodes
Some dire event involv'd in those dark words;
And just disclosing in a birth of fate. *[Aside.]*

Alv. Is there not yet an heir of this vast empire,
Who still survives, of Muley-Moluch's branch?

Dor. Yes, such a one there is, a captive here,
And brother to the dead.

Alv. The Pow'rs above
Be prais'd for that: my prayers for my good master
I hope are heard.

Seb. 'Thou hast a right in heav'n;
And why these prayers for me?

Alv. A door is open yet for your deliverance.
Now you, my countrymen, and you, Almeyda,
Now all of us, and you (my all in one)
May yet be happy in that captive's life.

Seb. We have him here an honourable hostage
For terms of peace: what more he can contribute
To make me blest, I know not.

Alv. Vastly more:
Almeyda may be settled in the throne;
And you review your native clime with fame:
A firm alliance, and eternal peace,
(The glorious crown of honourable war)
Are all included in that prince's life:
Let this fair queen be given to Muley-Zeydan:
And make her love the sanction of your league.

Seb. No more of that; his life's in my dispose;
And prisoners are not to insist on terms,
Or if they were, yet he demands not these.

Alv. You should exact them.

Alm. Better may be made;
These cannot; I abhor the tyrant's race;
My parents' murderers, my throne's usurpers.
But, at one blow, to cut off all dispute,
Know this, thou busy, old, officious man,
I am a Christian. Now be wise no more;
Or if thou wouldst be still thought wise, be silent.

Alv. Oh, I perceive you think your int'rest touch'd;
'Tis what before the battle I observ'd:
But I must speak, and will.

Seb. I pr'ythee peace :
Perhaps she thinks they are too near of blood.

Alv. I wish she may not wed to blood more near.

Seb. What if I make her mine ?

Alv. Now Heav'n forbid !

Seb. With rather Heav'n may grant.

' For, if I could deserve, I have deserv'd her :

' My toils, my hazards, and my subjects lives,

' (Provid'd she consent) may claim her love ;

' And, that once granted, I appeal to these,

' If better I could chuse a beauteous bride.

' *Ant.* The fairest of her sex.

' *Mor.* The pride of nature.

' *Dor.* He only merits her ; she only him.

' So pair'd, so suited in their minds and persons,

' That they were fram'd the tallies for each other.

' If any alien love had interpos'd,

It must have been an eye-sore to beholders,

And to themselves a curse.

Alv. And to themselves

The greatest curse that can be, were to join.

Seb. Did not I love thee, past a change to hate,

That word had been thy ruin ; but no more,

I charge thee, on thy life, perverse old man.

Alv. Know, Sir, I would be silent if I durst :

But, if on shipboard, I should see my friend

Grown frantic in a raging calenture,

And he, imagining vain flow'ry fields,

Would headlong plunge himself into the deep ;

Should I not hold him from that mad attempt,

Till his sick fancy were by reason cur'd ?

Seb. I pardon thee th' effects of doting age ;

Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution ;

The second non-age of a soul, more wise ;

But now decay'd, and sunk into the socket,

Peeping by fits, and giving feeble light.

Alv. Have you forgot ?

Seb. Thou mean'st my father's will,

In bar of marriage to Almeyda's bed :

' Thou feest my faculties are still entire,

' Though thine are much impair'd. I weigh'd that will,

' And found 'twas ground'd on our diff'rent faiths ;

' But,

- But, had he liv'd to see her happy change,
- He would have cancell'd that harsh interdict,
- And join'd our hands himself.
- *Alv.* Still had he liv'd and seen this change,
- He still had been the same.
- *Seb.* I have a dark remembrance of my father ;
- His reas'nings and his actions both were just ;
- And, granting that, he must have chang'd his measures.
- *Alv.* Yes, he was just, and therefore could not change.
- *Seb.* 'Tis a base wrong thou offer'st to the dead.
- *Alv.* Now Heav'n forbid,
- That I should blast his pious memory :
- No, I am tender of his holy fame :
- For dying he bequeath'd it to my charge.
- Believe, I am ; and seek to know no more,
- But pay a blind obedience to his will.
- For to preserve his fame I would be silent.
- *Seb.* Craz'd fool, who would'st be thought an oracle,
- Come down from off the tripos, and speak plain :
- My father shall be justify'd, he shall :
- 'Tis a son's part to rise in his defence ;
- And to confound thy malice, or thy dotage.'
- *Alv.* ' It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd :
- But, to be clear'd at my dead master's cost,
- Oh, there's the wound ! but let me first adjure you,'
- I do ; and*
- By all you owe that dear departed soul,
- No more to think of marriage with Almeyda.
- Seb.* Not heav'n and earth combin'd can hinder it.
- Alv.* Then witness heav'n and earth, how loth I am
- To say, you must not, nay you cannot wed.
- And since not only a dead father's fame,
- But more, a lady's honour must be touch'd,
- Which nice as ermines will not bear a foil ;
- Let all retire : that you alone may hear
- What ev'n in whispers I would tell you ear.

[All are going out.]

Alm. Not one of you depart ; I charge you stay.

- And were my voice a trumpet loud as fame,
- To reach the round of heav'n, and earth, and sea,
- All nations should be summon'd to this place.

• So little do I fear that fellow's charge :
 • So should my honour, like a rising swan,
 • Brush with her wings the falling drops away,
 • And proudly plough the waves.
 • *Seb.* This noble pride becomes thy innocence :
 • And I dare trust my father's memory,
 • To stand the charge of that foul forging tongue.

Alv. ' It will soon be discover'd if I forge.'
 Have you not heard your father in his youth,
 When newly marry'd, travell'd into Spain,
 And made a long abode in Philip's court ?

Seb. Why so remote a question ? ' which thyself
 • Can answer to thyself, for thou wert with him,
 • His fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boast,
 • And nearest to his soul.

Alv. ' Too near indeed ; forgive me, gracious Heav'n,
 • That ever I should boast I was so near :
 • The confident of all his young amours.'

And have not you, unhappy beauty, heard, [To Alm.
 Have you not often heard, your exil'd parents
 Were refug'd in that court, and at that time ?

Alm. 'Tis true : and often since, my mother own'd
 How kind that prince was, to espouse her cause ;
 She counsel'd, nay, enjoin'd me on her blessing,
 To seek the sanctuary of your court :
 Which gave me first encouragement to come,
 And with my brother, beg Sebastian's aid.

Seb. Thou help'st me well, to justify my war.
 [To Alm.] My dying father swore me, then a boy,
 • And made me kiss the cross upon his sword,
 • Never to sheath it, till that exil'd queen
 • Were by my arms restor'd.'

Alv. And can you find
 No myst'ry couch'd in this excess of kindness ?
 • Were kings e'er known, in this degenerate age,
 • So passionately fond of noble acts,
 • Where interest shar'd not more than half with honour ?
 • *Seb.* Base groveling soul, who know'st not honour's
 • But weigh'st it out in mercenary scales ; [worth,
 • The secret pleasure of a generous act,
 • Is the great mind's great bribe.

• *Alv.*

' *Alv.* Shew me that king, and I'll believe the phoenix.
 ' But knock at your own breast, and ask your soul,
 ' If those fair fatal eyes edg'd not your sword,
 ' More than your father's charge, and all your vows ?
 ' If so, and so your silence grants it is,
 ' Know, King, your father had, like you, a soul ;
 ' And love is your inheritance from him.
 ' Almeyda's mother too had eyes, like her,
 ' And not less charming ; and were charm'd no less
 ' Than yours are now with her, and hers with you.

' *Alm.* Thou ly'st, impostor ; perjur'd fiend, thou ly'st.

' *Seb.* Was't not enough to brand my father's fame,
 ' But thou must load a lady's memory ?
 ' O infamous, O base, beyond repair !
 ' And to what end this ill-concerted lie,
 ' Which palpable and gross, yet granted true,
 ' It bars not my inviolable vows ?

Alv. Take heed, and double not your father's crimes ;
 To his adult'ry do not add your incest.

Know, she's the product of unlawful love,
 And 'tis your carnal sister you would wed.

Seb. Thou shalt not say thou wert condemn'd unheard ;
 Else, by my soul, this moment were thy last.

' *Alm.* But think not oaths shall justify thy charge ;
 ' Nor imprecations on thy cursed head.
 ' For who dares lie to Heav'n, thinks Heaven a jest.
 ' Thou hast confess'd thyself the conscious pandar
 ' Of that pretended passion ;
 ' A single witness, infamously known,
 ' Against two persons of unquestion'd fame.

Alv. What interest can I have, or what delight
 To blaze their shame, or to divulge my own ?

' If prov'd, you hate me ; if unprov'd condemn.
 ' Not racks or tortures could have forc'd this secret,
 ' But too much care to save you from a crime,
 ' Which would have sunk you both : for let me say,
 Almeyda's beauty well deserves your love.

Alm. Out, base impostor ! I abhor thy praise.

Dor. It looks not like impostor ; but a truth,
 On utmost need reveal'd.

Seb. Did I expect from Dorax this return ?
 Is this the love renew'd ?

Dor. Sir, I am silent ;
 Pray Heaven my fears prove false.

Seb. Away ; you all combine to make me wretched.

Alv. But hear the story of that fatal love ;
 Where every circumstance shall prove another ;
 And Truth so shine by her own native light,
 That if a lie were mixt, it must be seen.

Seb. No ; all may still be forg'd and of a piece.
 No ; I can credit nothing thou canst say.

Alv. One proof remains ; and that's your father's hand :
 Firm'd with his signet ; both so fully known,
 That plainer evidence can hardly be,
 ' Unless his soul would want her heav'n a while,
 ' And come on earth to swear.'

Seb. Produce that writing.

Alv. [*To Dor.*] Alonzo has it in his custody.
 The same, which when his nobleness redeem'd me,
 And in a friendly visit own'd himself
 For what he is, I then deposited ;
 And had his faith to give it to the King.

Dor. Untouch'd, and seal'd, as when intrusted with me.

[*Giving a sealed paper to Seb.*]

Such I restore it with a trembling hand,
 Lest ought within disturb your peace of soul.

Seb. Draw near, Almeyda ; thou art most concern'd :

[*Tearing open the seals.*]

For I am most in thee.

Alonzo, mark the characters ;
 Thou know'st my father's hand, observe it well ;
 And if th' impostor's pen have made one slip,
 That shews it counterfeit, mark that and save me.

Dor. It looks indeed too like my master's hand ;
 So does the signet : more I cannot say ;
 But with 'twere not so like.

Seb. Methinks it owns
 The black adult'ry, and Almeyda's birth ;
 But such a mist of grief comes o'er my eyes,
 I cannot, or I would not read it plain.

Alm. Heav'n cannot be more true, than this is false.

Seb. O couldst thou prove it with the same assurance !
 Speak, hast thou ever seen thy father's hand ?

Alm. No ; but my mother's honour has been read ;
 By me, and by the world, in all her acts,

In characters more plain and legible
 Than this dumb evidence, this blotted lie.
 Oh ! that I were a man, as my soul's one,
 To prove thee traitor and assassinate
 Of her fame : thus mov'd I'd tear thee, thus : —

[Tearing the paper.]

And scatter o'er the field thy coward limbs,
 Like this foul off-spring of thy forging brain.

[Scattering the paper.]

Alv. Just so shalt thou be torn from all thy hopes.
 For know, proud woman, know in thy despite,
 The most authentic proof is yet behind ;
 Thou wear'st it on thy finger ; 'tis that ring,
 Which match'd to that on his, shall clear the doubt.
 'Tis no dumb forgery : for that shall speak ;
 And sound a rattling peal to either's conscience.

Seb. This ring indeed, my father, with a cold
 And shaking hand, just in the pangs of death,
 Put on my finger ; with a parting sigh,
 And would have spoke ; but falter'd in his speech
 With undistinguish'd sound.

Alv. I know it well ;
 For I was present. Now, Almeyda, speak :
 And truly tell us, how you came by yours.

Alm. My mother, when I parted from her sight
 To go to Portugal, bequeath'd it to me,
 Prefaging she should never see me more :
 She pull'd it from her finger, shed some tears,
 Kiss'd it, and told me 'twas a pledge of love,
 And hid a mystery of great importance
 Relating to my fortunes.

Alv. Mark me now,
 While I disclose that fatal mystery.
 Those rings, when you were born and thought another's,
 Your parent glowing yet in sinful love,
 Bid me bespeak : a curious artist wrought 'em,
 With joints so close, as not to be perceiv'd ;
 Yet are they both each other's counterpart :
 Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,
 (You know those names are theirs) and in the midst,
 A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
 Now if the rivets of those rings inclos'd,

Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie :

But if they join, you must for ever part.

[Sebastian pulling off his ring ; Almeyda does the same, and gives it to Alvarez, who unscrews both the rings, and fits one half on the other.

Seb. Now life or death.

Alm. And either thine or ours.

I'm lost for ever. —

[Swoons.

[The women and Morayma take her up, and carry her off.

[Sebastian here stands amazed without motion, his eyes fixed upwards.

Seb. Look to the queen my wife ; for I am past
All pow'r of aid to her or to myself.

Alv. His wife, said he, his wife ! O fatal sound !
For, had I known it, this unwelcome news
Had never reach'd their ears.

So they had still been blest in ignorance,
And I alone unhappy.

Dor. I knew it but too late, and durst not speak.

Seb. [Starting out of his amazement.] I will not live ;
no not a moment more ;

I will not add one moment more to incest ;

I'll cut it off, and end a wretched being,

' For, should I live, my soul's so little mine,

' And so much hers, that I should still enjoy.

' Ye cruel powers,

' Take me as you have made me, miserable ;

' You cannot make me guilty ; 'twas my fate,

' And you made that, not I.

[Draws his sword.

' [Ant. and Alv. lay hold on him, and Dorax wrests the
sword out of his hand.

' Ant. For Heav'n's sake hold, and recollect your
mind.

' Alv. Consider whom you punish, and for what ;

' Yourself unjustly : you have charg'd the fault

' On Heav'n, that best may bear it.

' Tho' incest is indeed a deadly crime,

' You are not guilty, since unknown 'twas done,

' And known, had been abhorr'd.

' Seb. By Heav'n you're traitors all that hold my
If death be but cessation of our thought, [hands.

' Then let me die, for I would think no more.

' I'll boast my innocence above ;

' And

' And let 'em see a soul they could not sully :
 ' I shall be there before my father's ghost ;
 ' That yet may languish long in frosts and fires,
 ' For making me unhappy by his crime.

[Struggling again.]

' Stand off, and let me take my fill of death :
 ' For I can hold my breath in you despite,
 ' And swell my heaving soul out when I please.
 ' *Alv.* Heav'n comfort you !
 ' *Seb.* What, art thou giving comfort !
 ' Wouldst thou give comfort, who hast giv'n despair ?
 ' Thou seest Alonzo silent ; he's a man.
 ' He knows, that men a' andon'd of their hopes,
 ' Should ask no leave, nor stay for suing out
 ' A tedious writ of ease from ling'ring Heav'n ;
 ' But help themselves, as timely as they could,
 ' And teach the Fates their duty.

' *Dor.* [To *Alv.* and *Ant.*] Let him go.

' He is our king ; and he shall be obey'd.

' *Alv.* What, to destroy himself ? O parricide !

' *Dor.* Be not injurious in your foolish zeal,
 ' But leave him free ; or, by my sword I swear,
 ' To hew that arm away, that stops the passage
 ' To his eternal rest.

' *Ant.* [Letting go his hold.] Let him be guilty of his
 ' own death if he pleases ; for I'll not be guilty of mine
 ' by holding him. [Seb. shakes off *Alv.*

' *Alv.* [To *Dor.*] Infernal fiend,
 ' Is this a subject's part ?

' *Dor.* 'Tis a friend's office.

' He has convinc'd me that he ought to die ;
 ' And rather than he should not, here's my sword
 ' To help him on his journey.

' *Seb.* My last, my only friend, how kind art thou,
 ' And how inhuman these !

' *Dor.* To make the trifle death a thing of moment !

' *Seb.* And not to weigh th' important cause I had
 ' To rid myself of life !

' *Dor.* True ; for a crime

' So horrid in the face of men and angels,

' As wilful incest is !

' *Seb.* Not wilful neither.

' *Dor.*

- ' *Dor.* Yes, if you liv'd, and with repeated acts
 ' Refresh'd your sin, and loaded crimes with crimes,
 ' To swell your scores of guilt.
 ' *Seb.* True ; if I liv'd.
 ' *Dor.* I said so, if you liv'd.
 ' *Seb.* For hitherto was fatal ignorance,
 ' And no intended crime.
 ' *Dor.* That you best know :
 ' But the malicious world will judge the worst.
 ' *Alv.* Oh, what a sophister has hell procur'd,
 ' To argue for damnation !
 ' *Dor.* Peace, old dotard !
 ' Mankind, that always judge of kings with malice,
 ' Will think he knew this incest, and pursu'd it.
 ' His only way to rectify mistakes,
 ' And to redeem her honour, is to die.
 ' *Seb.* Thou hast it right, my dear, my best Alonzo !
 ' And that but petty reparation too ;
 ' But all I have to give.
 ' *Dor.* Your pardon, Sir ;
 ' You may do more, and ought.
 ' *Seb.* What, more than death ?
 ' *Dor.* Death ! why, that's children's sport ; a stage-
 ' We act it every night we go to bed. [play, death.
 ' Death to a man in misery is sleep.
 ' Would you, who perpetrated such a crime
 ' As frighten'd nature, made the saints above
 ' Shake heaven's eternal pavement with their trembling
 ' To view that act, would you but barely die ?
 ' But stretch your limbs, and turn on t'other side,
 ' To lengthen out a black voluptuous slumber,
 ' And dream you had your sister in your arms ?
 ' *Seb.* To expiate this, can I do more than die ?
 ' *Dor.* Oh, yes, you must do more ; you must be
 ' You must be damn'd to all eternity ; [damn'd ;
 ' And sure self-murder is the readiest way.
 ' *Seb.* How, damn'd !
 ' *Dor.* Why, is that news ?
 ' *Alv.* Oh, horror, horror !
 ' *Dor.* What, thou a statesman,
 ' And make a business of damnation
 ' In such a world as this ! Why, 'tis a trade :
 ' The scrivener, usurer, lawyer, shopkeeper,
 ' And

' And soldier, cannot live but by damnation.

' The politician does it by advance,

' And gives all gone before-hand.

' *Seb.* Oh, thou hast giv'n me such a glimpse of hell,

' So push'd me forward, even to the brink

' Of that irremeable burning gulf,

' That, looking in th' abyss, I dare not leap.

' And now I see what good thou mean'st my soul,

' And thank thy pious fraud. Thou hast, indeed,

' Appear'd a devil, but didst an angel's work.'

Dor. 'Twas the last remedy, to give you leisure:

' For, if you could but think, I knew you safe.

Seb. I thank thee, my Alonzo. I will live;

But never more to Portugal return:

For to go back and reign, that were to shew

Triumphant incest, and pollute the throne.

' *Alv.* Since ignorance——

' *Seb.* Oh, palliate not my wound!

' When you have argu'd all you can, 'tis incest.

' No, 'tis resolv'd; I charge you, plead no more:

' I cannot live without Almeyda's sight,

' Nor can I see Almeyda, but I sin.

' Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sacred thought,

' To live alone to Heav'n, and die to her.

' *Dor.* Mean you to turn an anchoret?

' *Seb.* What else?

' The world was once too narrow for my mind;

' But one poor little nook will serve me now,

' To hide me from the rest of human kind.

' Afric has desarts wide enough to hold

' Millions of monsters, and I am, sure, the greatest.

Dor. You may repent, and wish your crown too late.

' *Seb.* Oh, never, never! I am past the boy:

' A sceptre's but a play-thing, and a globe

' A bigger bounding stone. He who can leave

' Almeyda, may renounce the rest with ease.'

Dor. Oh, truly great!

A soul fix'd high, and capable of heav'n.

Old as he is, your uncle Cardinal

Is not so far enamour'd of a cloyster,

But he will thank you for the crown you leave him.

Seb. To please him more, let him believe me dead;

That he may never dream I may return.

Alonzo,

Alonzo, I am now no more thy king,
 But still thy friend ; and, by that holy name,
 Adjure thee, to perform my last request :
 Make our conditions with yon captive king :
 Secure me but my solitary cell ;
 'Tis all I ask him for a crown restor'd.

‘ *Dor.* I will do more.

‘ But fear not Muley-Zeydan ; his soft metal
 ‘ Melts down with easy warmth, runs in the mold,
 ‘ And needs no further forge.’ [*Exit Dor.*
Re-enter Almeyda, led by Morayma, and followed by
her Attendants.

Seb. ‘ See where she comes again !

‘ By Heav’n, when I behold those beauteous eyes,
 Repentance lags, and sin comes hurrying on.

Alm. This is too cruel !

‘ *Seb.* Speak’st thou of love, of fortune, or of death,
 ‘ Or double death ; for we must part, Almeyda ?

‘ *Alm.* I speak of all ;

‘ For all things that belong to us are cruel :

‘ But what’s most cruel, we must love no more.

‘ Oh, ’tis too much that I must never see you ;

‘ But not to love you is impossible :

‘ No, I must love you—Heav’n may bate me that,

‘ And charge that sinful sympathy of souls

‘ Upon our parents, when they lov’d too well.

‘ *Seb.* Good Heav’n ! thou speak’st my thought, and I

‘ Nay, then there’s incest in our very souls ; [speak thine.

‘ For we were form’d too like.

‘ *Alm.* Too like, indeed ;

‘ And yet not for each other.

‘ Sure, when we part, (for I resolv’d it too,

‘ Tho’ you propos’d it first) however distant,

‘ We shall be ever thinking of each other ;

‘ And, the same moment, for each other pray.

‘ *Seb.* But if a wish should come athwart our prayers—

‘ *Alm.* It would do well to curb it, if we could.

‘ *Seb.* We cannot look upon each other’s face ;

‘ But when we read our love we read our guilt :

‘ And yet, methinks, I cannot chuse but love.

‘ *Alm.* I would have ask’d you, if I durst, for shame,

‘ If still you lov’d ? You give it air before me.

‘ Ah, why were we not born both of a sex ?

‘ For then we might have lov’d without a crime.

‘ Why

- ' Why was not I your brother? Tho' that wish
 ' Involv'd our parents guilt, we had not parted:
 ' We had been friends, and friendship is no incest.
 ' *Seb.* Alas, I know not by what name to call thee!
 ' Sister and wife are the two dearest names,
 ' And I would call thee both; and both are sin.
 ' Unhappy we! that still we must confound
 ' The dearest names into a common curse.
 ' *Alm.* To love, and be lov'd, and yet be wretched!
 ' *Seb.* To have but one poor night of all our lives!
 ' It was, indeed, a glorious, guilty night;
 ' So happy, that, forgive me, Heaven! I wish,
 ' With all its guilt, it were to come again.
 ' Why did we know so soon, or why at all,
 ' That sin could be conceal'd in such a bliss?
 ' *Alm.* Men have a larger privilege of words,
 ' Else I should speak—But we must part, Sebastian,
 ' That's all the name that I have left to call thee.
 ' I must not call thee by the name I would;
 ' But when I say, Sebastian, dear Sebastian,
 ' I kiss the name I speak.
 ' *Seb.* We must make haste, or we shall never part.
 ' I would say something that's as dear as this:
 ' Nay, would do more than say—One moment longer,
 ' And I should break thro' laws divine and human,
 ' And think them cobwebs, spread for little man,
 ' Which all the bulky herd of nature breaks,
 ' The vigorous young world was ignorant
 ' Of these restrictions; 'tis decrepit now:
 ' Not more devout, but more decay'd and cold.
 ' All this is impious; therefore we must part:
 ' For, gazing thus, I kindle at thy sight,
 ' And once, burnt down to tinder, light again
 ' Much sooner than before.'

Re-enter Dorax.

Alm. Here comes the sad denouncer of my fate,
 To toll the mournful knell of separation;
 While I, as on my death-bed, hear the sound,
 That warns me hence for ever.

Seb. [*To Dor.*] Now, be brief,
 And I will try to listen,
 ' And share the minute that remains, betwixt
 ' The care I owe my subjects, and my love.'

Dor. Your fate has gratify'd you all she can;

L

Gives

Gives easy misery, and makes exile pleasing.
 I trusted Muley-Zeydan, as a friend;
 But swore him first to secrecy. He wept
 Your fortune, and with tears not squeez'd by art,
 But shed from nature, like a kindly shower.
 In short, he proffer'd more than I demanded,
 A safe retreat, a gentle solitude,
 ' Unvex'd with noise, and undisturb'd with fears :'
 I chose you one——

Alm. Oh, do not tell me where !
 For if I knew the place of his abode,
 I should be tempted to pursue his steps,
 And then we both were lost.

' *Seb.* Ev'n past redemption :
 ' For, if I knew thou wert on that design,
 ' (As I must know, because our souls are one)
 ' I should not wander, but by sure instinct,
 ' Should meet thee just half-way in pilgrimage,
 ' And close for ever : for I know my love
 ' More strong than thine, and I more frail than thou.

' *Alm.* Tell me not that ; for I must boast my crime,
 ' And cannot bear that thou shouldst better love.'

Dor. I may inform you both ; for you must go
 Where seas, and winds, and desarts will divide you.
 Under the ledge of Atlas lies a cave,
 Cut in the living rock, by Nature's hands ;
 The venerable seat of holy hermits,
 Who there, secure in separated cells,
 ' Sacred ev'n to the Moors,' enjoy devotion ;
 And from the purling streams, and savage fruits,
 Have wholesome bev'rage, and unbloody feasts.

Seb. 'Tis penance too voluptuous for my crime.

' *Dor.* Your subjects conscious of your life are few ;
 ' But all desirous to partake your exile,
 ' And to do office to your sacred person.
 ' The rest, who think you dead, shall be dismiss'd,
 ' Under safe convoy, till they reach your fleet.'

Alm. But how am wretched I to be dispos'd ?
 A vain enquiry, since I leave my Lord ;
 For all the world beside is banishment.

Dor. I have a sister, abbess in Terceras,
 Who lost her lover on her bridal day.

Alm. There fate provided me a fellow-turtle,
 To mingle sighs with sighs, and tears with tears.

Dor.

Dor. Last, for myself, if I have well fulfill'd
My sad commission, let me beg the boon,
To share the sorrows of your last receis,
And mourn the common losses of our loves.

' *Alv.* And what becomes of me? Must I be left
' (As age and time had worn me out of use)?
' These sinews are not yet so much unstrung,
' To fail me when my master should be serv'd:
' And when they are, then I will steal to death,
' Silent and unobserv'd, to save his tears.'

Seb. 'I've heard you both. Alvarez, have thy wish;
' But thine, Alonzo, thine is too unjust.'
I charge thee, with my last commands, return,
And bless thy Violante with thy vows.
Antonio, be thou happy, too, in thine.
Last, let me swear you all to secrecy;
And to conceal my shame, conceal my life,

' *Dor. Ant. Mor.* We swear to keep it secret.'

Alm. Now, I would speak the last farewell, I cannot.
' It would be still farewell, a thousand times;
' And, multiply'd in echo's, still farewell.
' I will not speak, but think a thousand thousand.
' And be thou silent too, my last Sebastian;
' So, let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.'
My heart's too great, or I would die this moment;
But Death, I thank him, in an hour, has made
A mighty journey, and I haste to meet him.

[*She staggers, and her women hold her up.*]

Seb. Help to support this feeble, drooping flower,
This tender sweet, so shaken by the storm;
For these fond arms must thus be stretch'd in vain,
And never, never must embrace her more——
'Tis past——my soul goes in that word——farewel!

[*Alv. goes with Seb. to one end of the stage; Women, with Alm. to the other.*]

Dor. [*Coming up to Ant. and Mor. who stand on the middle of the stage.*] 'Haste to attend Almeyda.' For
Your father is forgiven; 'but to Antonio [your sake,
' He forfeits half his wealth.' Be happy both;
And let Sebastian and Almeyda's fate,
This dreadful sentence to the world relate,
That unrepented crimes of parents dead,
Are justly punish'd on their children's head.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIFTH ACT.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by ANTONIO and MORAYMA.

MORAYMA.

I Quak'd at heart, for fear the royal fashion,
Should have seduc'd us two to separation.
To be drawn in against our own desire,
Poor I to be a nun, poor you a friar.

Ant. I trembled, when the old man's hand was in,
He would have prov'd we were too near of kin :
Discovering old intrigues of love, like t'other,
Betwixt my father and thy sinful mother,
To make us sister Turk, and Christian brother. }

Mor. Excuse me there ; that league should have been rather
Betwixt your mother and my Musti father :

'Tis for my own, and my relations credit.
Your friends should bear the bastard, mine should get it.

Ant. Suppose us two Almeyda and Sebastian,
With incest prov'd upon us—— }

Mor. Without question
Their conscience was too queazy of digestion.

Ant. Thou wouldst have kept the counsel of thy brother,
And sinn'd till we repented of each other.

Mor. Beast as you are, on nature's laws to trample !
'Twere fitter that we follow'd their example.
And since all marriage in repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are friends.
To save a maid's remorse and confusions,
E'en leave me now, before we try conclusions.

Ant. To copy their example, first make certain
Of one good hour, like theirs, before our parting ;
Make a debauch, o'er night, of love and madness ;
And marry, when we wake, in sober sadness.

Mor. I'll follow no new sects of your inventing :
One night might cost me nine long months repenting.
First wed, and if you find that life a fetter,
Die when you please, the sooner, Sir the better.
My wealth would get me love ere I could ask it :
Oh, there's a strange temptation in the casket !
All these young sharpers would my grace importune,
And make me thund'ring votes of lives and fortune.



